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THE CROWN PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA (PRINCESS MARIE OF EDINBURGH) IN HER WEDDING DRESS.

*This photograph was taken by Mr. Russell, of Baker Street, in the interval between the two marriage ceremonies, by special request of her Majesty the Queen.*



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is not very often that the scientific person succeeds in making his subject popular. Among very high-class savans it is indeed thought an undignified thing to do. Even a Huxley or a Tyndall suffers in their eyes from pandering to the public taste for intelligibility. The farther their study is removed from the comprehension of the vulgar crowd the more highly they imagine it will be valued. This is not a very estimable form of pride, yet, after all, perhaps this objection to the popularising of science chiefly arises from the inability to accomplish it. Only about half a dozen of our men of science possess this gift, but Sir Robert Ball is one of them. His lectures, modestly described as "suitable to juvenile audiences," lately delivered at the Royal Institution were a model of difficult things made easy. A great traveller has told us how hard it is for the ordinary mind to grasp the signification of high numbers—to know, for example, what is a million. He illustrates his subject by taking the number of blossoms on one side of the Chestnut Avenue in Bushey Park, a spectacle familiar to Londoners in early summer. I have heard intelligent persons, and by no means "juveniles," say that this was a revelation to them. Sir Robert Ball solves the difficulties of distance in a similar manner. Even to astronomers the space that separates us from those stars whose existence has only been made known to us by the spectroscope he describes as appalling, yet by a little ingenious "popularising" he makes it intelligible. "There are stars so far away that if news had been sent to them by wire of the battle of Waterloo, in 1815, it would not have reached them yet." Nay, "There are stars to which, if William the Conqueror had sent a telegraphic message at the rate of 180,000 miles a second announcing his victory, they would still be without that message." There are more amazing illustrations of distance even than these, which have surely a much greater interest for the human mind than the longest lines of numerals. One comforting reflection we find ourselves drawing from these facts is that neither the inhabitants of the stars nor ourselves lose much by not being able to communicate with one another. If we were to wire to Alpha Centauri—a known star and, comparatively, almost a neighbour—the message would take three years to get there; so that any such correspondence as we carry on here with one another—about the colds in our heads, or the tennis-party on Tuesday, or even the success of the new play at the Lyceum—would be belated before it arrived.

Why is it that people who make their business in great waters tell such tarradiddles? Why should a seaman's "yarn" be held equivalent to a narrative of the imagination? The salt never seems to lose its savour in this respect, and it has the same effect upon a mere passenger as a professional. Think of the Umbria and her sister—or step-sister—vessels. Were there ever before so many accounts, and such conflicting ones, of the same circumstance within a few hours of its occurrence? If the facts of history are difficult to discover, those of nautical history must be much more so. The gentleman who died explaining that though troubled with the death-rattle there was no immediate danger, since he had known a friend who had had it for six weeks, was in "the Queen's Navee," as was his biographer also. When we go to the seaside ourselves we always take to fiction more readily than elsewhere. There are serpent stories more or less incredible told in all lands, but they sink into insignificance beside the tale of the sea-serpent. Not even a French duellist could call one out for refusing to believe it. It is one of those things of which a wise man says to his friend: "If I had not seen it with my own eyes I could not have believed it"; and his friend replies: "That is just my case." This is very curious, for though it is true no sea-serpent has ever been preserved by science—perhaps because no bottle was ever made long enough—its existence till within the last generation or two seems never to have been disputed. In an ordinary book of interesting events I read: "A sea-serpent was thrown on shore near Bombay in 1819. It was about forty feet long and must have weighed many tons. A violent gale threw it high above the reach of ordinary tides, in which situation it took nine months to rot: during this process travellers were obliged to change the direction of the road for nearly a quarter of a mile." This incident is described without comment, and as a matter of course. One thing, however, has to be observed: "It rotted so completely that not a vestige of bone remained," in which (if it is not to make an Irish bull to say so) one seems to recognise the sea-serpent of to-day. Except the scales, which, perhaps in despair of getting justice done to it, it cast off in Scotland, and which Dr. W. H. Russell preserved for only too brief a space, it has never left any material token of its presence. That is the chief reason why accounts of the sea-serpent are always "taken with a little salt."

One of our greatest journalists has been honoured above all his fellows in being made the medium to carry special messages between the two worlds—not the new and the old, but the spiritual and the material. He has only to take up his pen, and the spirits, he tells us, guide his fingers and append their signatures to the composition. The obligation seems at present entirely on one side. In

some countries the profession of letter-writing by proxy is well established, but the amanuensis gets his *quid* (or some smaller sum) *pro quo*; in the present case his services are given gratuitously. This seems to exhibit a lack of *esprit de corps*, a want of loyalty to his calling; for if there is one high principle more than another that actuates the journalist it is the resolution never to write for nothing. However, the business is as yet a novelty, and, no doubt, in due time arrangements will be made for the benefit of both parties. From the specimens of dictation that have up to the present time appeared, persons in the other world have nothing very particular to say; but the expectations of our journalist as regards their intelligence are modest and moderate. "If my hand were to state that the Apostle Paul, or Shakspeare, or Socrates was writing, I should believe," he says, "that it was absolute nonsense." This is not a very high compliment to his present correspondents, but they have passed beyond the regions where flattery is acceptable.

When the limit of obliging civility has been reached—for not even the most philanthropic of journalists can keep on for ever writing other people's letters for nothing—one hopes that these spirits will not be unwilling to enter into business relations with less eminent writers than their introducer. Though they may have nothing to say worth mentioning as regards the friends they have left behind them, they must have information to impart with respect to themselves and the conditions of their new existence that would make most excellent "copy." Special arrangements might be made for one's being put in connection with spiritual correspondents who write a good hand.

Someone has been making merry with that peculiar class of literary collectors who give their attention to "first numbers." They are looked upon, of course, with great contempt by collectors of "first editions," and even of "book plates"—things the ordinary man would as soon think of collecting as door-plates—and their little "cult" is set down as a very one-horse affair indeed. Of course, it is a cheap luxury, which with many persons is a fatal objection; but from a sentimental point of view it has considerable claims on the attention, quite as strong as the most hideous specimens of blue china or the most various descriptions of snuff-boxes. For, though its cost price may be only a penny, what a number of interests and emotions does a "first number" of any kind of periodical present! It is often the grave of the modest sum which the "pore literary man" has managed to save in a life of toil. His aspirations turn as naturally to "a periodical of his own" as do those of the butler, who has saved about as much, to the conduct of a respectable public-house. The sight of his name on the title-page fills him with pardonable pride. He is going to set the world to rights, to be recognised as a benefactor of his species, and at the same time to acquire an income, no longer precarious, or spun like a spider's web out of his own interior. In nine cases out of ten the experiment results in his getting for the first time no honorarium for his own articles, and in the loss of the nest-egg he has so rashly invested in it. If his venture gets beyond a "first number," so much the worse for him. But for that brief hour how enviable is his lot!

In that admirable play "The Game at Speculation," who can forget, who ever saw it, Charles Mathews's delight at finding himself "in the proud position of a creditor"? and no less does an author hug himself at the thought, "I am at last a proprietor." In a month or two, if he persists in sending good money after bad, he is a bankrupt. I have "assisted" at the production of a good many first numbers, and, though never as a principal (I have never had the money), I have watched their brief career from the cradle to the grave. It has been full of pathos, and by no means destitute of humour. If a little biography could be attached to each of them, a more interesting collection it would be impossible to imagine.

It is curious, notwithstanding our many philanthropic endeavours to approach them, how very little we know of the criminal classes beyond their crimes. When a district visitor or other authorised person writes about them, it is clear that he is dealing with them from without, and has never been let into their secrets as regards opinion and feeling; he knows their wants, and their ways of supplying them, but he never gets at the back of their mind. It is probable that they have not much mind, and think very little upon matters that are not pressing and practical. The personal narratives of criminals are very bald and bare, and read more like diaries than autobiographies; but this, perhaps, is explicable upon the ground of "the least said the soonest mended." Only now and then, as in the story of Vidocq, do we find that rogues possess a sense of humour, and enjoy their own attacks upon society as monkeys take a pleasure in their mischievous tricks. As these always involve pain and loss to their fellow-creatures, the humour must be cynical, but it is almost certain that it exists, and enhances the particular pursuit in which they are engaged. Besides the excitement that necessarily accompanies a swindle, there is, in short, the fun of it, which must have its attraction for at least some natures. A "lady-promoter" has recently got into trouble, whose experiences, were they written down as they occurred, would surely make admirable reading.

What she "promoted"—or, rather, professed to promote—was concerts. She got them up in London and the country: wrote and called upon influential persons and induced them to take tickets, and made arrangements with eminent musicians and vocalists to perform in some locality at a certain date. But when the ticket-holders and performers got to the hall they found its door closed, because the "promoter" had omitted to hire it. It was a cruel trick; but all practical jokes are cruel, and one cannot but think that this lady made a picture in her mind of the carriages driving up to the hall, and of the indignation of their inmates, as she set down the receipts of the concert in her account-book. Or was the primrose a primrose to her and nothing more—a mere act of fraud which supplied her wants, and had no more humorous association about it than shoplifting? One would like to know this, because it would help to indicate the extent of the common ground between the criminal classes and ourselves, but one has no data for the discovery.

One is curious to see how the Guild of St. Cecilia relishes Dr. Blackman's notion of the employment of a musical box for the purpose of procuring sleep. The guild, of course, has always advocated music for insomnia; but one has a notion that it only contemplates classical music, or harmony of an exalted kind, like that of the spheres. It would not, one fancies, think much of the invalid who would be cured by a barrel-organ. A musician with any proper pride would probably rather perish than obtain sleep by any such means. At the same time, to the less cultured, a musical box has some advantages over a chamber concert—you know when it is going to stop, and, what is still more important, you can stop it yourself: which an enfeebled person, worn out with sleeplessness, could hardly do in the case of four accomplished amateurs in full blast.

Persons of mature age or delicate health, and not "carriage people," are very glad in this weather to use the much abused "growler," and it is very satisfactory to know that this class of vehicle is improving. The club commissionaire called a "four-wheeler" for me the other night, and when the door was opened I started back staggered at the sight of so much magnificence. A beautiful lamp threw a chastened glow upon what would have been a gorgeously furnished sitting-room but for the presence of a speaking-tube and some highly polished conveniences for the smoker. "There are not many cabs like yours," said I to the driver after a comfortable journey home. "It's not a keb, Sir, it's a wicked brougham," he answered frankly. "We picks 'em up at the Bankruptcy Court in these times pretty frequent."

The anti-everythingarians have had a great field-day: they have produced among them a centenarian, in whose length of days each one claims his share. If he had trodden the paths of virtue earlier he would doubtless have been much older, but he had always eschewed (in fact, he neither smoked nor chewed) tobacco, for sixty years had been a teetotaler, and for seventeen years a vegetarian—except that "since a recent illness he had been compelled to take fish and meat gravy." In this last confession it was felt that he rather gave himself (and the sacred cause) away; but, on the whole, his reception, which took place, strangely enough, in the rooms of the Society for the Study of Inebriates, was most enthusiastic. It is rather difficult to understand why. There is some reason for congratulating a loving couple upon their golden wedding—on each being still left to the other after the lapse of so many years—but why we should be pleased at a fellow-creature's having attained alone an abnormal age, with its necessary conditions of weakness and decay and isolation, is less intelligible. If a centenarian could be produced with raven locks and eagle eyes, a keen sense of hearing, and all the attributes of youth, there would be something to boast about; but in the mere prolongation of decrepitude there does not seem much ground for congratulation. Moreover, even if this feat were accomplished, there is no means of apportioning the amount of credit due to these various sanitary agencies for the result. How many years our centenarian prolonged his existence by never smoking, or how many he lost during the forty years he took stimulants, cannot be estimated; while his having been compelled to take fish and meat gravy for his health after seventeen years of vegetarianism is an admission too painful to be pursued. "In order to live a hundred years and more," observed this patriarch, "it is, above all things, necessary to live carefully." But the question that persons who are less than that age will naturally put to themselves is: "Is it worth while to be so very careful, even if my precautions secure the result in question? Rather than never drink a pint of beer or a glass of wine, which I find a great comfort to me at my daily meals, I am quite ready to depart at ninety instead of a hundred. And rather than give up my pipe I would infinitely prefer to leave the world twenty years earlier." Even then one would attain to the threescore years and ten which have satisfied so many generations before the anti-everythingarians were ever heard of, and at the same time enjoy oneself. The truth is, to persons who are not desirous of "making a record" as regards longevity, the enjoyment of life is one of those things which make it worth living.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE ROYAL MARRIAGE AT SIGMARINGEN.

On Tuesday, Jan 10, at Sigmaringen, on the Upper Danube—the chief town of that detached hereditary dominion of the Prussian royal and imperial Hohenzollern family which lies in South Germany, enclosed between the Kingdom of Württemberg and the Grand Duchy of Baden—Prince Ferdinand of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, Crown Prince of Roumania, heir to that new Eastern European kingdom on the banks of the Lower Danube and the shores of the Euxine, wedded his English bride, Princess Marie of Edinburgh; so the bridegroom received her in the home of his own father and mother. Our account of the nuptials last week having been necessarily too brief, we must now supply a more complete narrative; for this royal marriage, though not attended with the pomp of a state ceremonial, is an event of much interest to English readers, as well as to many of the Germans, whose Emperor was present, and to the aspiring Roumanian nation, whose King, Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, also witnessed his nephew's auspicious wedding. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, with the bride and their other daughters, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, were the members of the English royal family present. It was a domestic occasion of the happiest nature and of the highest importance to the personages concerned, and one that fitly took place not in the capital city, with its palace and its cathedral, of a great and powerful State, but at the quiet ancestral residence of a line of German princes formerly reigning, still enjoying their inherited wealth and honours; princes allied by old kinship with the Kings of Prussia, who are now holding the grand office of German Emperors, yet themselves living in comparative ease and freedom, as noblemen of the highest rank, with the degree of privacy allowed to such persons in their own country seat.

The proceedings on the wedding-day were made rather more complex than usual by the necessity of a threefold rite or form of union between the bride and bridegroom; she belonging to the Church of England, he to the Roman Catholic Church, and the laws of Prussia requiring a previous civil marriage.

The civil act of marriage was privately performed before Herr von Wedell, Minister of the Prussian Royal Household, at two o'clock in the afternoon, in the Red Room of the Castle of Sigmaringen. Only the members of the imperial, royal, and princely families were present. The other guests had breakfasted in the new banquet-hall on the castle terrace, and had inspected the collection of wedding gifts for this occasion, as well as those given at the silver wedding of the bridegroom's parents. The whole company then assembled in the Ritter Saal or Knights' Hall, and walked together downstairs and along the private gallery, across the road, between the castle and the Roman Catholic church of the town. They waited in the church until four o'clock, when the bridal procession entered. Among the first to enter were two official representatives of Queen Victoria—namely, Sir John Cowell, Master of the Queen's Household and formerly tutor of the Duke of Edinburgh, and Sir Edward Malet, her Majesty's Ambassador at the Court of Berlin. A large party of ladies of the German and Roumanian Courts, in morning dress of the handsomest and most fashionable style, came in, followed by numerous officers in military uniforms and by diplomatic and official personages in Court attire. The next to enter, through the great door of the church, were the clergy, Abbot Wolter and two Benedictine monks, and three priests. Soon after them came the German Emperor and King of Prussia, William II., in the uniform of an English admiral, escorting the Duchess of Edinburgh; the King of Roumania, with the Princess of Hohenzollern; and the Prince of Hohenzollern, with the Duchess of Connaught. For the chief personages seats had been placed on both sides of the chancel. The German Emperor stood on the left side with the Duchess of Edinburgh and the Russian Grand Duke Alexis. To the right hand were the King of Roumania, the Duke of Connaught, the Princess of Hohenzollern, and others.

Prince Ferdinand had meanwhile taken his place on the right-hand side of the chancel. He was in his Roumanian uniform, over which he wore the broad orange band of the Order of the Black Eagle, presented to him by the German Emperor. Near him, a little to his right, stood his father. After a few minutes of suspense, the first notes of the organ announced to the congregation the approach of the bride, while the firing of a salute proclaimed to the people outside that the ceremony had begun. Princess Marie entered, leaning on the arm of her father, who wore a British admiral's uniform. She was dressed in an exquisite robe of white corded silk, embroidered with pearls. The skirt was trimmed with bouquets of myrtle and orange blossoms, the body being bordered with white velvet and adorned also with myrtle and orange blossoms. The bridal veil was of the most beautiful tulle. Her only ornament was a diamond necklace. Princess Victoria of Edinburgh wore a dress of blue brocade trimmed with blue velvet, and Princess Alexandra

echoes of the hills on every side. The church ceremony was an impressive scene, with countless tapers on the altar lighting up the robes of the priests, the two kneeling figures surrounded by monarchs, princes, and ambassadors, and the body of the church crowded with a dense congregation.

After the Roman Catholic Church marriage service, the company returned to the castle, assembling in the Ancestors' Room, where they congratulated the newly married pair. The Duchess of Edinburgh was then conducted by the German Emperor into an adjoining room, converted into a temporary chapel for the marriage ceremony according to the rites of the Anglican Church. In front of a reredos, composed of white-and-gold silk, was the altar, covered with a cloth also of white and gold, on which stood a cross, two lighted candles, and two vases of flowers. The Rev. W. V. Lloyd, private chaplain of the Duke of Edinburgh, read the English marriage service. During this service, at which there was no music, the German Emperor, the Duchess of Edinburgh, the Grand Duke Alexis, and Sir Edward Malet stood on the left of the altar; the King of Roumania, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Count Schouvaloff, and General Ellis on the right-hand side. Prince Ferdinand's responses were very audible at the second service as at the first; while those of Princess Marie were spoken in a low tone. The bridal party finally went into another room, where the bride and bridegroom signed their names in the register and received new congratulations.

At half-past six the invited guests assembled in the Knights' Hall and moved to the banquet-hall on the terrace, where the wedding dinner was laid. The German Emperor sat with the Duchess of Edinburgh on his right and the Dowager Princess of Hohenzollern on his left, opposite to the newly married pair. Beyond the Dowager Princess sat the Russian Grand Duke Alexis; beyond the Duchess of Edinburgh, the King of Roumania, the Duchess of Connaught, and the Prince of Hohenzollern. On the other side of the table, next to Prince Ferdinand, sat his mother, the Princess of Hohenzollern; then the Duke of Connaught, Princess Victoria of Edinburgh, and Sir Edward Malet. Next to Princess Marie sat the Duke of Edinburgh, beside the Princess of Flanders, Count Schouvaloff, and Prince Frederick of Hohenzollern.

The Prince of Hohenzollern rose to speak. He addressed the German Emperor, spoke of the high honour which his presence had conferred on that house, thanked his Majesty then, on behalf of his son, also on behalf of his son's bride, and drank to the health of the German Emperor and his other guests. Next speaking, the King of Roumania acknowledged the advantage conferred on his dynasty by the alliance which his heir had contracted. He concluded by saying that his cry of "Hoch lebe das junge Paar!" would be carried by the little stream which flowed below the castle to the mouth of the mighty Danube, and would be re-echoed there by the voices and in the hearts of a flourishing people. This speech was followed by the music of the Roumanian hymn. The Duke

of Edinburgh, in a few words, proposed "The Health of the Prince and Princess of Hohenzollern."

After dinner the bride and bridegroom started, amid the ringing cheers of the people, for Krauchenwies, to spend the first part of their honeymoon. Krauchenwies Castle, situated about five miles from Sigmaringen, was the favourite summer residence of the late Prince Anton of Hohenzollern. The present reigning Prince was born there. The old Emperor William visited Krauchenwies twice; so did the Empress Augusta, the late Emperor Frederick, and the King and Queen of Saxony. The castle stands in the midst of a large and beautiful park. The newly married couple were to stay there until Jan. 18, and would then go to their future home in Roumania. It was twenty-three years ago, on Nov. 25, 1869, that the present King of Roumania, then bearing only the title of ruling Prince, brought home to Bucharest his chosen bride, Princess Elizabeth of Wied in the Rhineland, the enthusiastic and accomplished woman, "Carmen Sylva," the romantic poetess, the ardent lover of all that is beautiful in nature and art, the generous friend and mistress of kindly charities, who has won the hearts of the people in her husband's kingdom.



PRINCE FERDINAND OF ROUMANIA IN HIS WEDDING UNIFORM.

Taken at Sigmaringen by Mr. J. Russell, of Baker Street.

a dress of pink brocade with velvet trimmings to match. As ornaments, the two Princesses wore pearls and diamonds.

Princess Marie took her place by the side of Prince Ferdinand, before a *prie-dieu* in front of the altar, and the Duke of Edinburgh placed himself behind his daughter. The service was begun by the choir singing "Benedic nobis, Domine." Then came a short, earnest exhortation from Abbot Wolter, who, reminding the royal pair of the importance of the ceremony, urged them to remain true to themselves and to their noble ancestors, and invoked the blessing of Heaven upon them. The chorale "Bone Jesu" was sung by the choir. The actual marriage ceremony was performed by the priest of the town church. After they had exchanged rings and had clasped hands, Prince Ferdinand of Roumania and Princess Marie of Edinburgh rose as husband and wife to the strains of the chorale "Laus tibi, Domine."

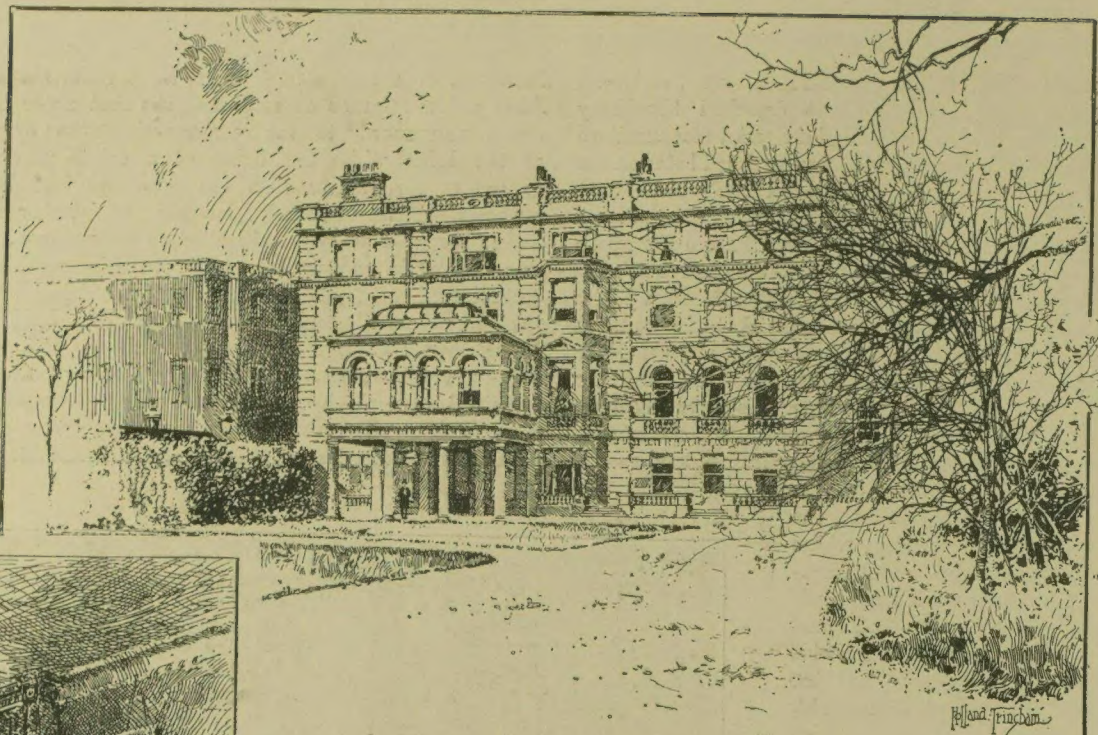
Prince Ferdinand, with his bride leaning on his arm, left the church, followed by the Royal guests, while from the organ pealed forth the "Hallelujah" from Handel's "Judas Maccabæus." The exchange of rings was the signal for the church bells to break out into merry chimes, accompanied by a salute from the castle guns, waking the



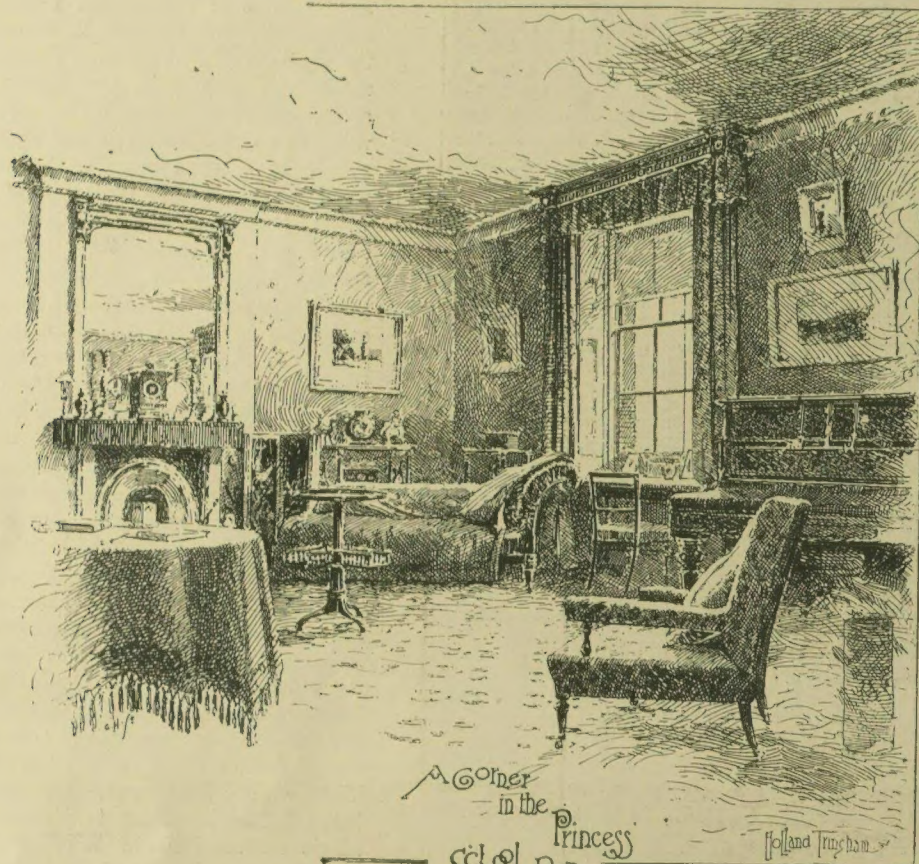
## CLARENCE HOUSE, ST. JAMES'S.

William IV., Duke of Clarence, occupied what has since been known as Clarence House, and it was subsequently offered to the Duchess of Kent, who died in 1861. The residence being then free, it was decided to put it at the disposal of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, and in 1866 he came into residence. During his Royal Highness's travels about this period, and, in fact, until the year 1873, the house was sufficiently commodious and suitable; but when his marriage with the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia was definitely decided upon, extensive alterations were contemplated and eventually carried out by his Royal Highness.

As will be noticed by the accompanying sketch, Clarence House adjoins the old palace at St. James's, and has its principal entrance leading into the palace gardens



Clarence House  
St. James's.



Corner in the Princess's  
School Room  
Clarence House.

In the corridor of which we give an illustration, the chief objects of interest are sporting trophies, mainly acquired by his Royal Highness during his travels. These include the best specimens of the bison, elk, deer, and the chamois, as well as a pair of elephant tusks of unusual magnitude from Ceylon; and on looking up the handsome oak staircase is to be noticed the stuffed head of a fine elephant, shot by his Royal Highness at the Cape of Good Hope in the year 1867.

Immediately one enters the hall one

house, being used not only for study but for painting, music, and indoor recreation.

The Duke of Edinburgh has had more opportunities than the other members of the royal family of accumulating the large and valuable collection of trophies to which we have alluded, as he commenced quite in his early days as a midshipman, and only recently finished his sea time on retiring from the command of the Mediterranean Squadron in 1889. In his earlier travels he was accompanied by the great marine painter, Mr. (now Sir) Oswald Brierly, and some of his celebrated pictures, such as her Majesty's ships *St. George*, *Racoon*, *Galatea*, *Sultan*, and *Black Prince*, painted for his Royal Highness, were recently exhibited at the Royal Naval Exhibition. During the later portion of the Duke's voyages, in the years 1867 to 1872, he was accompanied by another well-known artist, Mr. N. Chevalier, and quantities of his clever works, notably those made in the South Sea Islands, China, and Japan, have been lent for exhibition at various times.

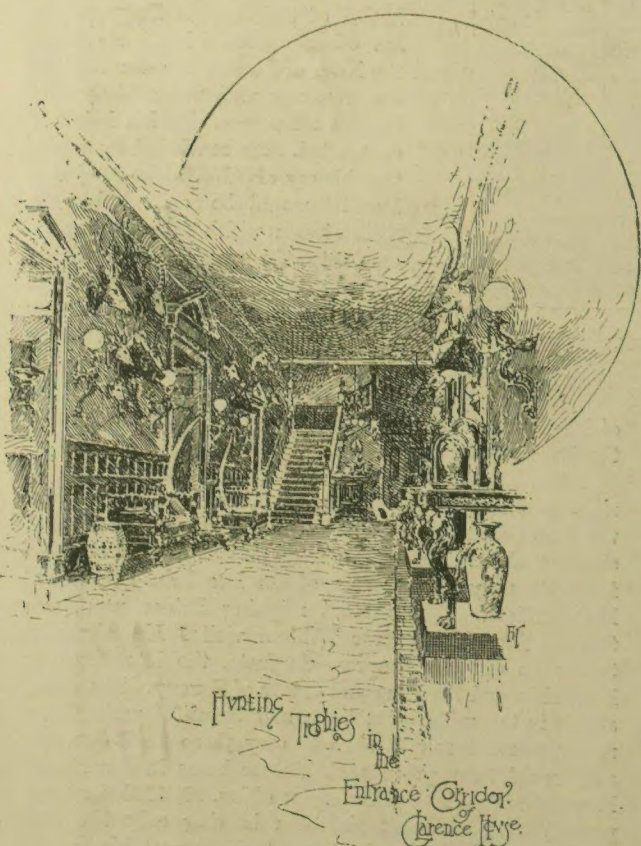
instead of into the public thoroughfare by Stafford House, as many of our readers will probably remember it; but this was only one of the many alterations which were carried out by the Duke of Edinburgh in anticipation of his marriage. His Royal Highness practically rebuilt the house

observes an enormous Russian bear, which, we believe, was given to his Royal Highness on the occasion of one of his visits to St. Petersburg by the late Emperor of Russia; and in glass cases on the walls are specimens of trout and pike captured by the Duke of Edinburgh in Russia and at Eastwell Park respectively.

The second corridor, which is spoken of as the "Duchess's Corridor," is decorated with rich objects of lacquer-work, Oriental china, pictures, and bronzes, including also a fully equipped Japanese soldier.

At the end of this corridor, overlooking the garden, is a spacious conservatory, handsomely furnished in Oriental style and studded with statuettes and fountains. It is here that the Duchess of Edinburgh spends much of her time.

On the third floor, leading out of the corridor, are the bed-rooms and sitting-rooms occupied by Prince Alfred of Edinburgh and the Princesses and the suite; and the school-room, of which we include a rough sketch, though not gorgeously furnished, is one of the favourite rooms in the



Hunting Trophies in the  
Entrance Corridor  
Clarence House.

in the years 1873-74, and spent a considerable amount in addition on internal decorations. Some of the rooms at Clarence House are filled with treasures, the like of which cannot be found in any other residence in London, or, possibly, in the world.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND PRINCE ALFRED.  
Specially taken at Sigmaringen by Mr. Russell, of Baker Street.



## THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS MARIE OF EDINBURGH.

THE ROYAL WEDDING  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPHER'S  
POINT OF VIEW.

A CHAT WITH MR. RUSSELL.

In his studio in Baker Street Mr. J. Russell, who acted as Special Photographer on behalf of the *Illustrated London News* at the royal wedding, gave a few minutes' conversation to a representative regarding his experiences at Sigmaringen.

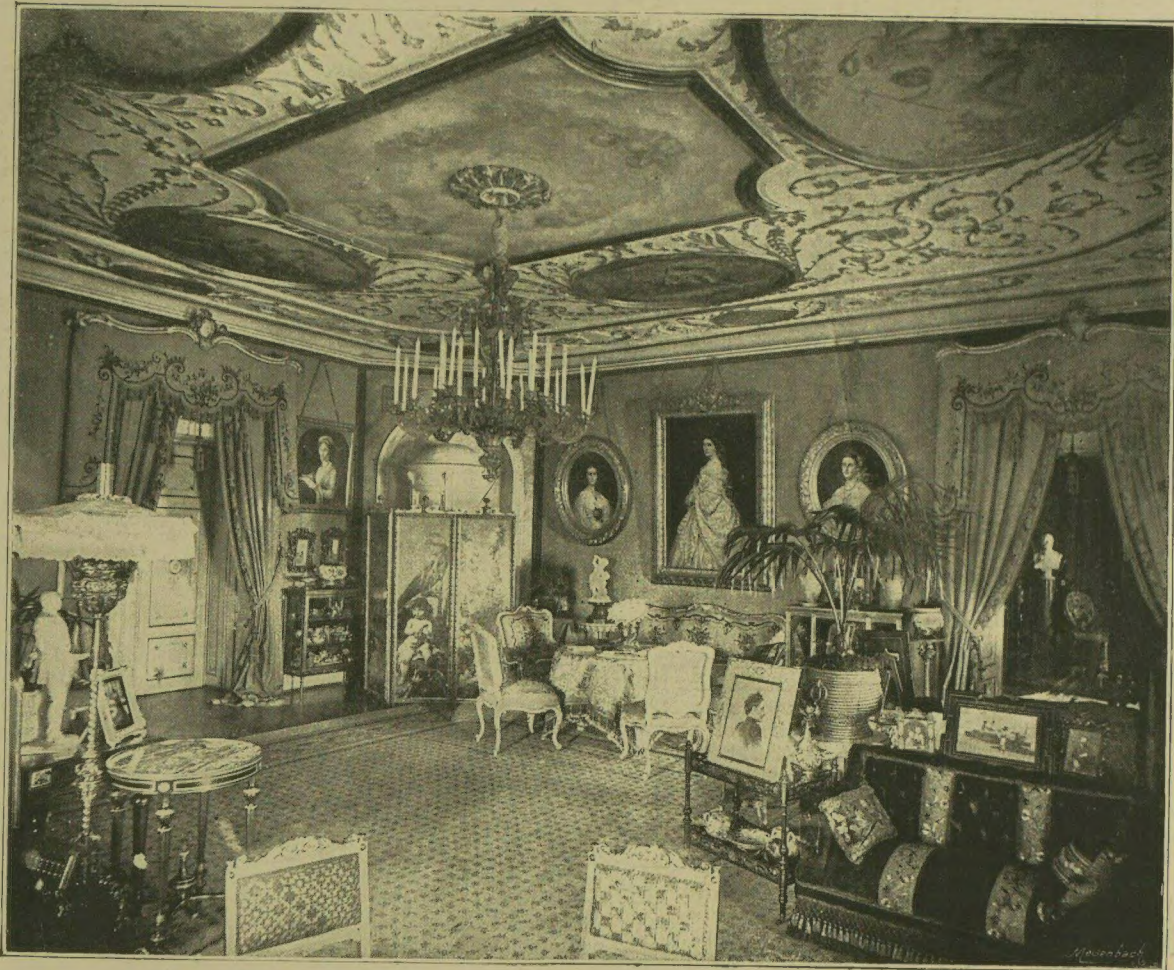
"I arrived on Thursday, and spent Friday in obtaining all the necessary formal permissions to carry out my operations. The Prince of Hohenzollern was most kind in making arrangements for my convenience. He is very affable, and speaks English much better than he believes, though on every occasion he met me he apologised for his 'poor English.' The bridegroom came to be photographed first, and, like his father, he was very pleasant, taking an interest in my work, and chatting brightly all the time. His command of English is excellent."

"Were you at the railway station when the bride arrived?"

"Yes; and you could hardly imagine a prettier scene. The little station was gaily decorated, and the moving groups of royal relatives in their brilliant uniforms waiting for the train gave a kaleidoscopic touch to the picture; while warm sunshine was glinting on the white snow which lay on the landscape. When the signal announced the approach of the special train all the correspondents and artists (numbering about

twenty) pressed forward and had a capital view. When the carriages came in sight Prince Ferdinand ran along the platform blithely welcoming his bride with 'Marie! Marie!' His cordial embrace of her Royal Highness was very pretty to witness."

so that I was all the more eager for success." We trust our readers will feel that Mr. Russell has adequately reaped the reward of his artistic endeavours in the beautiful portrait of the royal bride which adorns our front page.



DRAWING-ROOM IN THE CASTLE OF SIGMARINGEN, OCCUPIED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH DURING THE WEDDING FESTIVITIES.

"When did you photograph the bride, Mr. Russell?"

"Between the civil ceremony and that which took place with Roman Catholic rites. The Princess gave me six minutes in the corridor in which to accomplish my work. It was half-past four o'clock, and the light was anything but favourable. One little point I may mention. Her Royal Highness declined to place her head in the usual frame. 'No, I can keep quite still, Mr. Russell, without that.' And certainly the result justified her words. Then I had the pleasure of taking the Duke of Edinburgh in full uniform, and afterwards the King of Roumania, who immediately acceded to my request that I should photograph him for the *I.L.N.* No, unfortunately I could not take the royalties in a group. If it had been summer, I could not have wished for a more lovely place than Sigmaringen for photography."

"And was that the conclusion of your labours?"

"No, for on the wedding day I developed my negatives, and prepared transparencies from them to show the Prince of Hohenzollern the same evening. Queen Victoria was very anxious that a good photo of her granddaughter in her bridal costume should be obtained,



THE PROTESTANT CEREMONY IN THE RED ROOM AT THE CASTLE OF SIGMARINGEN.



## PERSONAL.

The election for the West Derby Division of Liverpool has restored Mr. Walter Long to Parliament after a short absence. The late Parliamentary Secretary of the Local Government Board was elected by 3632 votes against 2275 recorded for Mr. Shilton Collins, the not very strong Gladstonian and temperance candidate. Mr. Long's majority of 1357 represents an increase of 175 votes on the majority obtained by the late member, Mr. Cross, at the General Election.



MR. WALTER H. LONG, M.P.

Mr. W. H. Long, of Rood Ashton, in Wilts, has thus migrated from his old constituency in the Devises Division, which he represented from 1885, his former seat being for the old Northern Division. He married a daughter of Lord Cork, and is distinctly one of the rising young men of the Conservative party.

The death of General "Ben" Butler in his seventy-fifth year removes from American politics a figure rather more notorious than famous. He came of a well-known New Hampshire family, and his early career was that of a successful criminal lawyer in Massachusetts, with all the accompaniments of sharp practice that such a life occasionally implies. His ante-war politics were those of a Democrat, but he led the withdrawal from the Charleston Convention, caused by the proposal to secede from the Union, and finally declined to participate in proceedings where "the African slave trade, which is piracy by the laws of the country, is approvingly advocated." Later on he accepted a commission in the Federal army, and was finally assigned the command of East Virginia. His tenure of this position was immortalised by his refusal to give up a body of escaped slaves to their owners. Slaves, Butler held, in a famous phrase, were "contraband of war." Not a successful soldier, he was a rigorous and high-handed administrator, and his governorship of New Orleans was an example of almost ferocious harshness. His rule culminated in the issue of "Order No. 28," under which respectable women whose husbands or brothers were serving in the Southern army were treated as if they were the most degraded of their sex. His later military operations were failures, and Grant superseded him. After the war his chief appearance in politics was as the chief of an abortive Greenback party, which he headed in an unsuccessful, and indeed ridiculous, attempt to gain the Presidency of the Republic.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., may be congratulated on the modification of his entirely interesting *Sunday Sun* into a *Weekly Sun*. The very large space devoted to literature in the former journal, and the remarkable success which, perhaps, as a consequence attached to it, was one of the most hopeful signs of the times. Mr. O'Connor's "Book of the Week" was looked forward to by a great many people who have, as we think, a legitimate objection to Sunday papers. The publication of the paper on Friday will conciliate those who do not believe in Sunday journalism, and the *Weekly Sun* should have a great success on literary grounds alone. By-the-way, Mr. O'Connor promises a halpenny *Evening Sun* in a few months.

An old Liberal member has just passed away in the person of Mr. Thomas Shaw, for some time Mr. Stansfeld's colleague in the representation of Halifax. Mr. Shaw, who died on Jan. 15, was a member of a well-known firm of woollen manufacturers in the town which he represented for many years. He played no conspicuous part in Parliament, where he was usually a silent member, leaving important



THE LATE MR. THOMAS SHAW, M.P.

political work to his distinguished colleague. His wife was the daughter of Mr. William Rawson, once the honorary treasurer of the Anti-Corn Law League. Mr. Shaw was a large subscriber to local institutions, especially of an educational character. He was the founder of the Rawson-Shaw scholarships, which he endowed with two gifts of £1000 each. He has sat continuously for Halifax from 1882, and at the last election, when he headed the poll, he had a majority of 1918 votes. He died of heart affection, after a rather lingering illness of some weeks.

A once familiar figure in the House of Commons has passed away in the person of Mr. Thomson Hankey, who

has just died at the advanced age of eighty-eight. For some years he represented Peterborough as a representative of the more moderate sections in that centre of Radicalism. He was an expert in banking and currency, and was the oldest governor of the Bank of England, of which he was chairman from 1851 to 1853. He retired from politics in 1880.

African treaty-making is prominently on the tapis; so Captain Lugard's views, as expounded in the new Journal of the Royal Geographical Society, will interest our readers. Premising that he has known a valuable concession purchased by the present of an old pair of boots, the captain goes on to describe a typical African scene where a savage chief, in his best turn-out, consisting probably of his weapons of war, variegated chalk-marks on his face, a piece of leopard skin *et præterea nihil*, and the British captain, in a costume which would make the fortune of an average crossing-sweeper, sit cross-legged on a mat opposite one another, and enter on treaty obligations of a more or less binding character by swearing mutual alliance and friendship. Captain Lugard adds, however, that in Uganda, where the king and chiefs have already an infant civilisation, the nature of a written contract is thoroughly understood and nothing considered binding till it is written down. "Every clause is discussed in all its bearings, sometimes for days, words are altered and the foresight and discrimination which the natives show in forecasting the bearing in the future of every stipulation are as keen almost as would be that of Europeans; then the document is translated into their language—Kiganda—and read in silence and with intense attention before the assembled chiefs at the king's large assembly-house; then the king makes his mark and every individual chief signs his name. The treaties thus made by the representative of a company acting under Royal Charter are submitted at once for approval to her Majesty's Government through the Foreign Office. It is only by an abuse of language that such action can be described as filibustering."

Major F. M. Rundall, 1st Battalion 4th Goorkha Rifles, who was invested on Jan. 13, by the Queen at Windsor,



MAJOR F. M. RUNDALL.

with the Distinguished Service Order, is the eldest son of General F. H. Rundall, R.E., C.S.I. He served in the Upper Burma campaign of 1886-87 on the staff of Major-General Sir William Lockhart (medal and clasp), and in the Chin Lushai Expedition, 1889-90, being mentioned in the Commander-in-Chief's despatch. He was also engaged in the cold weather operations in the Chin Hills, 1890-91 (clasp), in which he filled with marked success the important positions of officer commanding the Chin Hills and Political Officer, Northern Chin Hills, and was again mentioned in despatches. He was awarded the Distinguished Service Order for his military services. Major Rundall was the first Englishman who mastered and reduced to writing the hitherto unknown language of the Siyin Chins, which is purely a spoken language, and possesses no books of any kind. His manual was printed and published by Government. The Government of Burma brought his name prominently to the notice of the Government of India for his political work. In the Manipur Expedition, 1891, he commanded the troops (artillery, mounted infantry, and infantry) engaged in what was termed in despatches "the brilliant action of Bapam," when the enemy held with determined obstinacy a strong earthwork, and were only dislodged after a sharp hand-to-hand struggle. In this action Major Grant, V.C., also Captains Drury and Carnegie and Lieutenant Cox, were wounded. After this there was no further resistance on the part of the Manipuris. He was mentioned in despatches and obtained the clasp. Major Rundall married the eldest daughter of the present Bishop of Exeter.

The Earl of Winchelsea, who is taking so strong an interest in agricultural matters just now, and who threatens to place before the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway a mysterious something which shall "make every railway shareholder in the kingdom tremble" if their rates remain unaltered by Jan. 28, is in the prime of life, having been born in 1851. He was at one time a Fellow of Hertford College, Oxford, and as the Hon. Murray Finch-Hatton represented South Lincoln in Parliament from 1884 to 1887. His Lordship is the eldest son of the ninth Earl of Winchelsea by his third wife, and succeeded to the title in 1887 on the death of his half-brother, the tenth Earl, his nephew, the heir-apparent to the family honours, the somewhat notorious Viscount Maidstone, who was only a year younger than himself, having died without issue in 1879. The Finch-Hattons are of ancient descent in Sussex, and are said to have sprung from a common ancestor with the Herberts, and an old inscription in Brabourne Church bears the words "Herbert, alias Finch." On the distaff side—the Hatton side—the family is directly descended from that courtly Sir Christopher whose fine taste in dress and admirable dancing won the favour of good Queen Bess—the handsome courtier of whom it was written—

His bushy beard and shoe-strings green,  
His high-crown'd hat and satin doublet  
Moved the stout heart of England's Queen,  
Tho' Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

Miss E. M. Smyth, whose "Solemn Mass" was so auspiciously produced on Jan. 18 at the Albert Hall, is

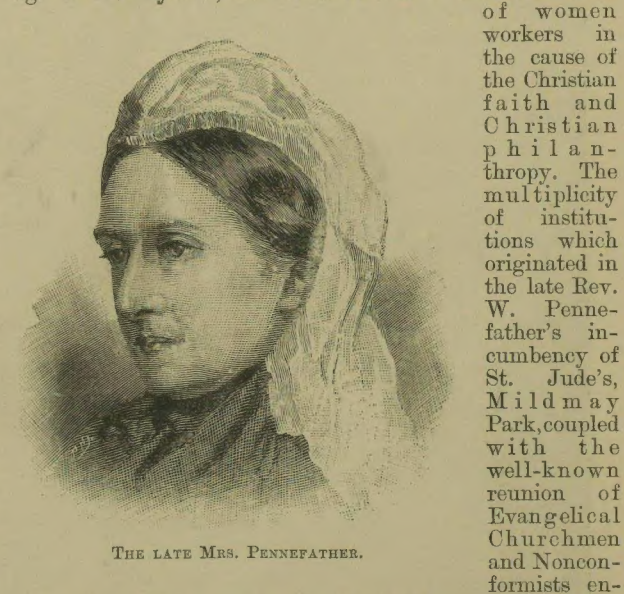


MISS E. M. SMYTH.

sent her to Leipzig. Here she studied at the Conservatoire for three months, and afterwards had the advantage of excellent tuition from Herr Heinrich von Herzogenberg, the present First Teacher of Composition in Herr Joachim's famous Hochschule. Miss Smyth was the first pupil of this musician, who has high contrapuntal gifts as well as a passion for teaching. Works by Miss Smyth have been successfully produced at the Gewandhaus, and at present she is hard at work executing an important commission from abroad. She has been fortunate enough to attract sympathetic interest in her compositions from her Majesty the Queen and the Empress Eugénie.

Sir John Stokes, who has been summoned to Paris to give his evidence in the trial of the Panama directors, has had a notable career as an officer and an engineer. Born in 1825, the son of a Kentish rector, Sir John entered the Army in 1843, and saw service in the Kaffir wars of 1846 and 1850, acting in the latter as Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General. His next post was that of Chief Engineer to the Anglo-Turkish Contingent in the Crimea, and he became Lord Panmure's commissioner for breaking up the same contingent in 1856. In the same year he was appointed her Majesty's Commissioner for the navigation of the Danube, an important post which he held for fifteen years. He has been entrusted with various missions—to Constantinople in 1873, to Egypt in 1874, and on the Alexandria Harbour Commission in 1879. He was appointed British Director of the Suez Canal Company in 1876, and has been Commandant of the School of Military Engineering at Chatham and Deputy Adjutant-General of the Royal Engineers at headquarters. Sir John, who was made a Knight of the Order of the Medjidieh in 1874 and a K.C.B. in 1877, was placed on the retired list five years ago.

The death of Mrs. Pennefather, of Mildmay, at the ripe age of seventy-five, has removed one of the best known



THE LATE MRS. PENNEFATHER.

of women workers in the cause of the Christian faith and Christian philanthropy. The multiplicity of institutions which originated in the late Rev. W. Pennefather's incumbency of St. Jude's, Mildmay Park, coupled with the well-known reunion of Evangelical Churchmen and Nonconformists entitled the Mildmay Conference, has, without exaggeration, made the name of Pennefather known all the world over. Mrs. Pennefather was the eldest daughter of the late Rear-Admiral the Hon. James William King. Miss King was wooed and won by Mr. Pennefather when he was the young incumbent of Mellifont, near Drogheda. Both in Ireland and at his subsequent livings at Walton and Parnet Mrs. Pennefather was, in her own way, as energetic a worker as her husband. But it was at Mildmay that the activity of both bore the most remarkable fruit. Mr. Pennefather died in 1884, but his widow continued to feel the deepest interest and to exercise a good deal of control over the Mildmay institutions. She was in many respects a remarkable woman, even in a generation to which female administrators and evangelists are becoming familiar objects.

## OUR PORTRAITS.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W., for our portrait of Mr. Walter Long, M.P.; to Messrs. Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W., for that of the late Mr. T. Shaw, M.P.; to Mr. Van der Weyde, Regent Street, W., for that of Miss Smyth; to Colonel Morton for the loan of portrait of the late Mrs. Pennefather; and to Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd, India, for that of Major F. M. Rundall.

## POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

JANUARY 21, 1893.

Thick Edition	..	..	..	..	3d.
Thin Edition	..	..	..	..	1½d.

Newspapers for abroad may be posted at any time, irrespective of the departure of the mails.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Queen herself gave a brief congratulatory toast at the royal dinner party on the day of the wedding of her granddaughter Princess Marie of Edinburgh.

The first anniversary of the lamented death of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale was commemorated on Jan. 14 by a visit paid by T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke of York to the tomb in the Albert Chapel, Windsor. Later on the same day, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, with Princess May and Prince Alexander, laid floral tributes near the coffin, which still rests in the centre of the chapel.

The two children of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught have been celebrating their birthdays during the last week. Prince Arthur was ten years old on Jan. 13, and his sister, Princess Margaret, was eleven on the 15th.

Prince and Princess Christian and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein left London for Berlin on Jan. 14. Rarely have so many members of our royal family been simultaneously abroad.

The literary ladies have persuaded H.R.H. Princess Christian to act as president for this year of the Writers' Club, which has proved so successful in Fleet Street.

The Duke of Newcastle hopes to entertain at his lovely Nottinghamshire seat, Clumber Park, the Duke and Duchess of Teck and Princess May, on Jan. 23.

A rumour has been current that the Government intend to expand the section of the Board of Trade which deals with labour questions, ultimately creating a British Labour Bureau.

The penny weekly newspapers have lately absorbed much time in the Law Courts. In the case of *Spare Moments*, the editor and publishers were summoned in connection with a supposed lottery in a "missing word" competition. The hearing at the Mansion House was finally adjourned till after judgment had been delivered in the Pearson case.

Mr. Jabez Spencer Balfour, whose absence from the country has occasioned so much speculation with regard to the companies of which he was director, was the subject of a petition in bankruptcy. Mr. Registrar Hope made a receiving order against Mr. Balfour. On the same day Messrs. J. W. Hobbs and H. G. Wright surrendered to answer charges of misappropriation of funds. A week's adjournment took place, the accused being again liberated on bail.

Unfortunately, an epidemic of small-pox has appeared in Manchester, with many fatal results.

As usual, Lord Justice Bowen gave his audience and old friends at the Working Men's College some capital advice on Jan. 14. His epigrammatic sentence about the highways and byways of literature, given up to the literary bicyclist, was in the best Bowen manner. "This literary bicyclist," said the worthy Judge, "travels in a costume peculiar to himself, and he considers the landscape all his own." Sir Charles Bowen is always interesting, and on the topic of popular education he uttered a much-needed warning that we must not expect "a literary millennium at once to set in" because of a general diffusion of knowledge.

The memory of Miss Amelia B. Edwards will not fail to be perpetuated, not only by her scholarly books, but also by reason of the Professorship of Egyptology established by her generosity at University College. The introductory lecture was delivered on Jan. 14 by the first holder of the professorship, Mr. W. M. Flinders Petrie, whose "ultimate hope was to see drawn together a solid body of workers, each contributing some permanent advance to knowledge." The lecture was an able *résumé* of the work and workers in this fascinating branch of science.

The new railway rates are occasioning very many complaints from representatives of the agricultural interest. The rate for the carriage of milk in particular has been adversely criticised. The railway companies announce that there will be further amendments and changes in the rates after consideration.

Several interesting legal matters have occupied the Courts recently. In a case brought by a Mr. Cobb against the Great Western Railway Company, Mr. Justice Day and Mr. Justice Collins decided that when a passenger in a railway train was robbed by fellow-travellers there is no ground for action against the company if one of its station-masters refuse to detain the train.

The chief foreign topic of political interest during the past week has been a long speech by the German Imperial Chancellor, on Jan. 11, to the Committee of the Reichstag, or Diet of the Empire, charged with the consideration of the Army Bills. Count Caprivi was very erroneously reported, and was made to utter, as his own individual or official opinion, several sentences which he meant only to quote as having been said or written by some ill-wishers to the German Empire, threats or taunts from irresponsible foes—probably anonymous and obscure; for instance: "Russia will find that her road to Constantinople is not through Vienna, but through the Brandenburg Gate at Berlin." He was also credited with the statement that France and Russia had in all probability made arrangements for combined military operations both on land and on sea; that a French fleet would be sent into the Baltic, and that Denmark would be reduced to a state of practical vassalage, notwithstanding the personal friendliness of King Christian to Germany.

It appears, however, that Count Caprivi did not make these assertions.

The last of them has excited much indignation at Copenhagen, where, on Jan. 16, in the Volkething, or Danish House of Commons, the Minister of Foreign Affairs explained that the report of Count Caprivi's speech was incorrect. He added that Denmark and Germany were on the most friendly terms with each other, and that "the sole aim of the Danish Government would be so to direct foreign policy that Denmark should maintain a perfectly neutral attitude in any eventual difference between foreign Powers; for, should a small country like Denmark foolishly take part in any great European controversies, it could only serve as a plaything for them."

Some other passages of the German Chancellor's speech, probably more authentic, merit serious attention. He declared emphatically that "the guiding principle of our foreign policy is, and must be, the preservation of the Austro-Hungarian Empire as a great European Power," though it is doubtful whether he said that "the chief object of the Italian alliance was to cover the south-western frontier of Austria" against a French attack; still more questionable that he spoke of the dependence of Italy, in the Mediterranean, on the assistance of an English fleet, and intimated that "even with such assistance, the issue must be considered as problematic." In short, this speech was not at all intended for the public ear of Europe, but probably did not contain all the indiscreet, alarming, and even injurious

700 millions of assets in work, land, and plant of their undertaking; that the contract with M. Eiffel was a fraud, by which that eminent engineer got thirty-three millions; the Lottery Loan was a trick, and large sums were illegally given to Baron Reinach and other finance-mongers, and much other money was expended in bribery of the newspapers and of politicians to buy their support of the company's schemes. The defendants had not called a single witness to contradict this tremendous indictment.

In what concerns England more particularly, the most serious event of the week is the sudden act of independence as a ruler performed by the young Khedive of Egypt, Abbas Pasha, on Sunday, Jan. 15, without consulting Lord Cromer or taking account of English advice and opinion. The Khedive has formed a new Ministry, appointing Fakhri Pasha to be Premier and Minister of the Interior and Mazloun Pasha to be Minister of Justice, men who are reputed stubborn opponents of the administrative and judicial reforms lately introduced; Boutros Pasha, an able Copt, becomes Minister of Finance. It will soon appear how far the continuance of British protection may be possible, or tolerable, consistently with a course which seems rash and ill-advised, as well as ungrateful, on the part of the Khedive, who would not be reigning now but for the effectual aid that England gave to his father, the late Tewfik Pasha, ten years ago, followed by incessant English labours for the benefit of Egypt.

Lord Cromer has promptly protested; on Tuesday, Jan. 17, he made an official communication to the Khedive that the British Government would not consent to the nomination of Fakhri Pasha as Prime Minister. The Khedive would give his answer next day: he was consulting with Nubar Pasha and Riaz Pasha. His dismissal of the late Premier, Mustapha Fehmy Pasha, who is in ill-health, was abrupt and harsh; the other Ministers dismissed are the aged Abderrahman Pasha and Fouad Pasha. It is believed that neither France nor Russia instigated this action of the Khedive; but that his grandfather, Ismail Pasha, the Khedive deposed in 1881, and perhaps the Sultan's Government at Constantinople, are the real authors of the embarrassing affair.

X.

## THE LATE FANNY KEMBLE.

The death of a niece of Mrs. Siddons and of John Kemble would in any case have excited an interest that takes us back at once to a great but long-vanished world. But "Fanny Kemble," or Mrs. Butler, as her marriage made her, was almost as notable for her own qualities as for the great name she inherited. She was the daughter of Charles Kemble, himself a charming actor and notable, though not successful manager, and she was born in 1809, the year which witnessed the birth of Gladstone, Tennyson, and Darwin. In addition to the great personal charm and the accomplishments she developed later in life, she had a very early and very striking success as an actress, nothing in which, however, was quite so brilliant as her début as Juliet in 1829. Her father had then taken Covent Garden Theatre, and his fortunes were at a very low ebb. His daughter's triumph largely restored them. She was a mere girl, but pretty, cultured, charming, and ambitious, and her success was immediate. She records it in a charming passage in her own story of her girlhood: "I ran straight across the stage, stunned with the tremendous shout that greeted me, my eyes covered with mist, and the green baize flooring of the stage feeling as if it rose up against my feet; but I got hold of my mother, and stood like a

terrified creature at bay, confronting the huge theatre full of gazing human beings. I do not think a word I uttered during this scene could have been audible. In the next, the ball-room, I began to forget myself; in the following one, the balcony scene, I had done so, and, for aught I knew, I was Juliet, the passion I was uttering sending hot waves of blushes all over my neck and shoulders, while the poetry sounded like music to me as I spoke it, with no consciousness of anything before me, utterly transported into the imaginary existence of the play." Curiously enough, this rapturous opening of her dramatic career was not quite characteristic of its later stages. She afterwards played Lady Macbeth, Portia, Isabella, Julia in "The Hunchback," Lady Teazle, and Lady Townley, and for some time was a leading figure both on the London and the American stage. In 1834 she married a Southern planter, Mr. Pierce Butler, but separated from him some years later, it is said, on the question of slavery. There were two daughters of the marriage. She reappeared in England in 1847, but her place on the stage had been in a measure lost. Later on she turned to Shaksperian readings, in which her intelligence, charming presence, and ready command of her voice won for her a considerable though not perhaps a lasting success. Her later life was spent in retirement, brightened by friendships with the celebrities of two continents, as well as by her own great personal and intellectual charm. A play of hers, "Francis the First," written when she was a girl, had a great success, running into ten editions, but the fame of it passed away long after her delightful prose recollections of her girlhood and later life were being read. She died at the house of her son-in-law, Canon Leigh, and her burying-place is in Kensal Green Cemetery.



THE LATE MRS. FRANCES ANNA KEMBLE.

suggestions which have been noticed. They have, indeed, been passed over with little comment by the French journalists, which is a very good sign. Count Caprivi observed that he, like his predecessor Prince Bismarck, was "convinced that the maintenance of the French Republic is desirable, as the Republican form of government is favourable to the cause of peace."

The French Government, with the new Ministers whom M. Ribot has found to join him in office, was supported in the Chamber by a great majority, 329 votes against 206, on Jan. 12, in a debate on party merits, and has given a fresh proof of its strength by a summary administrative act. Three foreign correspondents—M. Szekely, M. Wedell, and M. Alt—of journals published in Hungary, Germany, and Italy, who had scandalously libelled the Russian and Italian Ambassadors in Paris, Baron Mohrenheim and Count Menabrea, imputing to them the receipt of bribes from the Panama Company, are expelled from France; one of them, however, M. Szekely, is arrested to take his trial under a criminal prosecution. The Court of Justice is proceeding steadily with the trial of M. Charles de Lesseps and the other directors of the company. On Tuesday, Jan. 17, the Advocate-General, M. Rau, began summing up the evidence for the prosecution. He contended that the illustrious old man, M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, whom age and illness prevented from appearing in that Court as one of the accused, had through fatal self-confidence and overweening faith in his own success misled the company, and had permitted false representations of the cost of the great work to go forth, so early as 1879; that he and the other directors, in 1887 and 1888, rather than confess their blunders, had resorted to the most culpable financial expedients, resulting in a disastrous total bankruptcy, with 1300 million francs spent and only



## THE INTERNATIONAL SKATING MEETING NEAR GRONINGEN, NETHERLANDS.



J. J. EDEN, THE WINNER.

In Groningen, the north-eastern province of the Kingdom of the Netherlands, beyond the Zuyder Zee and Friesland, the International Meeting of Skaters was held this year on Wednesday, Jan. 11, under the direction of the "Nederlandsch Schaatsenrijdersband" and of the Groningen Ice Club. This was followed on the Friday and Saturday by a more important meeting at Amsterdam. The first meeting was on the lake of Paterswolde, a few miles from the city of Groningen. The 5000-mètres match for amateurs of all nations was won by a young Dutchman, Mr. J. J. Eden, of Haarlem, in 9 minutes, 16 4-5 seconds. There was no English competitor. Mr. Eden won also the Netherlands amateur championship in the 1500-mètres race. The match for professional skaters was won by young Marten Kingma, of Grouw, Friesland; the noted English professional, James Smart, was not present. Thousands of spectators had travelled to Groningen on skates. At the Amsterdam meeting, Norway, Sweden, and Hamburg had sent worthy representatives. There were races, or matches, at 500 mètres, 1500 mètres, 5000 mètres, and 10,000 mètres. To win the "Championship of the World" a man had to gain three first prizes. This was done by J. J. Eden, but he unluckily fell in the 10,000-mètres race. Mr. Eden, but nineteen years of age, defeated all the English amateurs last year at Cambridge.



R. ERICSSON.



THE LAST ROUND OF EDEN V. ERICSSON: EDEN WINNING.



# THE REBEL QUEEN

BY

CHAPTER I.  
THE GRAND REFUSAL.

WALTER BESANT.

Queen's room at evening no one wanted either to read or to work. There was light enough to see the Queen's beauty: light enough for talking—singing—dancing. What more light can one want?

"The shade over the lamp is too modern," said the audience. "You must have a lamp—yet . . . I wonder what they used to do in Assyria for lamp-shades?"

"We will have coloured glass," Francesca replied. "No one knows how ancient glass is."

"Very well—and no one will inquire, I dare say. Stand up, girls. Let me see your dresses. Yes, very good indeed: you look really as if you had stepped straight out of the British Museum. Capital! Now go back to your positions. Y—yes. Could not the grouping—remember, you are the Queen's handmaidens—be improved a little? Do not turn your heads in this direction at all—you must have eyes for nothing but the Queen. While Melkah continues her story you must convey the impression that you are watching the Queen as well as listening to the story. Clara, my dear, you are going to sing. Take the lute and touch it gently from time to time: that shows you are thinking of your own duties; and, besides, a note of music now and then sets off the voices. Shall you have the dance to-night?"

"Everything," said Francesca. "This is our last chance of improving the thing."

"Very well, dear. Now we will go on, if you please."

On the couch piled with cushions lay a girl—Francesca Elveda herself—not sleeping, but dreamily, with eyes half-opened. She lay upon her side, her head upon her arm. She was young—one could see so much in the soft light—perhaps twenty. A light silk robe covered her from head to foot: her figure, outlined beneath it, was partly shown by the moonlight which fell upon the lower part of the couch. Her eyes, which were blue, glowed and gleamed in the warm red lamp-light. This was Queen Vashti, in whose beauty the King delighted. At her head stood a girl with a large feather fan. Half-a-dozen girls—they were the Queen's handmaidens—lay or sat about the room in various attitudes—the hardness of the pavement being mitigated by the cushions. One leaned against the pillar; another sat in Oriental fashion; a third lay prone; a fourth pillowed her head in the lap of the first; one took the mandoline, and, as the audience had suggested, touched the strings from time to time. And a little old woman, wrinkled multitudinously, sat in the midst and told a story, while all listened. But either because they were bad actors, or because they were anxious not to lose the least movement of their mistress, or because they were supposed to know the story already, they listened carelessly. The last theory best explains their indifference, because the Oriental storyteller's repertoire, though extensive, is well known to Oriental listeners. No new story is ever invented. All the stories turned upon love: upon terrible Jinns, who frightened



ADAME ELVEDA'S  
drawing-room—one  
of the very largest  
drawing-rooms in

one of the very largest houses in Cromwell Road—lent itself admirably to that amusement which is always delightful to the performers, and occasionally to the spectators—the amateur drama. It consisted of one big room and one not so big. The latter made an admirable stage; the former an excellent auditorium.

This evening there was a performance, but the big room was empty save for Madame Elveda, who sat alone and looked on. She was herself at once audience, stage manager, and critic.

The play was written by her daughter, who also played the principal part. It was called "The Rebel Queen," and was a play in two short acts. At this house a play very often filled up part of the evening, but never the whole of it—a practice which greatly increased the popularity of the house. The reason is obvious. In society everybody—especially every girl—would like to play the principal part all the evening through, and when one has to sit and look on at other girls playing one might just as well be in the stalls at once.

But this was a full-dress rehearsal.

The curtain drawn aside showed an interior—a room—one end of a large room. Along the sides were pillars of marble; between the pillars were curtains or hangings of white, green, and blue silk, fastened with purple cords; the pavement was of marble, white, blue, red, and black, in patterns; the back of the room was partly open to what seemed an extensive garden (Madame Elveda's conservatory), and partly hung with the silk curtains. These gently waved and swayed, as if moved by the evening breeze, and there was wafted into the auditorium (the large drawing-room) a heavy, languid perfume, breathing rest and happy dreams and thoughts of love.

"A Room in the Harem! Vashti's own room in the Palace of Shushan—Vashti, the Queen and favourite of Ahasuerus, who reigns from India even to Ethiopia. Very good," said the audience, reading from a type-written copy of the play. "Push back the pillars a little—so. Get all the effect you can of breadth and length—that is much better. The Palace of Shushan gave the Queen large and airy rooms. The fragrance was a very happy thought, Francesca. What is it?"

"Jessamine and orange-blossom," Francesca made reply from the couch on which she was lying, "I will add some stephanotis for the evening. It must be a heavy fragrance—languid—intoxicating."

This couch, which lay across the room at the end, was the only piece of furniture. It was of white marble, but it was piled with cushions or pillows of silk. A lion's skin lay over the lower part, the head and fore-legs hanging down. There was a lion's skin on the floor, and there were other silken cushions lying about. A guitar or mandoline stood in a corner. The time was evening, and the moonlight lay upon the palms and orange-trees outside. A hanging lamp threw a soft coloured light over the room; there was not light enough to read by, nor was there light enough to work by; but in the



Vashti threw out her arms; her veil, which had been thrown back like a hood, fell down to her feet; her hair fell with it.

nobody, and upon the wonderful good fortune that transformed a simple girl in the seraglio into the favourite of the King.

However, the old woman went on, chanting in a shrill monotone, just as the modern Arab reads his Koran.

"So," she said, "when the Jinn found that he was caught, and could in no way escape unless he promised to obey the two girls who had trapped him, he consented. 'Tell me,' he said, 'what you would have.' Then the first girl replied, 'I would have love—the love of the greatest king that lives—I would be Queen of the Harem; I would have slaves and chamberlains and a



crown of gold and silk robes and bangles and chains and '—  
'Enough,' said the Jinn, 'all this I can get for both of you.' But the other shook her head. 'I desire,' she said, 'to be the slave of no man. Let me, alone among women, be free.' 'That also can be done,' said the Jinn. So he swore by the Holy Name, and they let him out. And he was a righteous Jinn, who feared the Holy Name, and therefore he kept his promise, and it happened unto these two maidens as he promised, so that they obtained what they desired. To one came love. She was desired by a king as great as King Ahasuerus, whose empire is from India even unto Ethiopia. And the King delighted in her beauty, and gave her slaves to wait upon her and chamberlains to guard her and handmaidens to watch over her beauty, and robes brodered with gold and pearls and gleaming with diamonds—she became just such a Queen as Vashti herself." Here Vashti shook her head impatiently. "And the days passed by, and, while other women grew old and lost their beauty, this Queen remained young and grew always day by day more beautiful. So faithful was that Jinn.

"But the other girl—she who desired freedom, which is a madness in woman—also obtained her desire. When the Jinn left her she returned home. And lo! her beauty departed from her: therefore she was not given in marriage, and she was scorned by the women and despised by the men. So she lived apart and alone, and became a wise woman. All diseases she could cause or cure: they sought her from every harem: men feared her: she could compel rain for the thirsty land or could keep it off: the serpents obeyed her and the lion lay down before her. But she was alone, and no man ever loved her."

"But she was free," said Vashti. "She was free. Which was happier, the slave of love or the free woman?"

"Nay," the old woman replied; "the free woman was like the first wife of the first man, of whom the Jews relate that she would not obey her husband, wherefore she was driven forth, and is now a she-devil and the companion of Jinns, and rages against the children of the woman who took her place, because they should have been her children had she been submissive."

The girls sat up and stretched themselves. The history moved them not. They knew it all beforehand, yet, like children, they wanted to hear it over and over again. As for themselves, they had no adventures: nothing ever happened to the maidens of the harem; they had no choice and no chance; the King would not delight in them; they languished in the soft airs of the house set in the midst of gardens; they were loveless and childless, they were slaves who waited on the Queen. Perhaps they still hoped, long after the thing was hopeless, to find favour in the King's sight.

Vashti raised her head again. "The woman who was free," she said dreamily, "the woman who was free. Strange! To be free! Melkah the Syrian, have you no more stories to tell me of the woman who was free? I am sick of the woman who submits and is a slave. We are all slaves. Yes—yes—I know: it is our lot—and yet!"

"I have none such, O Queen! Except this story of the woman who was a witch, and the story of the First Wife, who disobeyed the King and is now an evil spirit, there are no stories of women who are free. Women cannot be free: they obey those who fight for them. He who fights is Lord. So have the gods ordained; so is it best for us."

"Sing to me," said Vashti, lying back again and closing her eyes.

Then the maiden whom Madame Elveda had called Clara stood up, holding the mandoline, and sang to it, playing a soft and gentle air, a song of the seraglio in praise of the King's Favourite—

Lo! she cometh, bright as break of day;  
Fair as crescent moon, she cometh forth:  
Queen of him whom all the lands obey—  
Yea, from East to West and South to North.

In a garden walled and fenced round,  
Lo! the fountain sealed, the living well,  
Where the spices linger is she found,  
There she lieth where the roses dwell.

Trees of frankincense and spices sweet,  
Palm and calamus and trellised vine,  
Play their shifting shadows round her feet,  
Make for her a fair and fitting shrine.

Lilies lift for her their petals red,  
Grapes in purple clusters wait for her;  
Where she steps her maidens strew and spread  
Fragrance of the myrtle and the myrrh.

"O thou fairest!" boughs and leaves and trees—  
"O thou fairest!" fruit and flowers sing;  
"O thou fairest!" sighs the lovesick breeze  
In the fenced garden of the King.

In the last verse all the girls took up the words, "O thou fairest!" in a kind of chorus to the single voice singing "Boughs and leaves and trees," and in the last line they all sang together—

In the fenced garden of the King.

"A garden—a garden enclosed—is the King's Favourite," said Melkah, the storyteller. "A spring shut up, a fountain sealed. She is a fountain of gardens, a well of living waters and streams from Lebanon. Thus sayeth the wise King, the great King, he who wrote the Song of Songs. He loved much, but this song he wrote for the woman he loved the most."

The Queen paid no heed to the song or to the singer, or to the flatteries of the old woman. She lay, head on hand, gazing straight before her, her eyes like two stars gleaming in the lamplight.

The singer laid down the mandoline and waited for a word of approval. None came. She sat down again, and all were silent, watching their mistress.

Then the Queen caught her breath quickly, and lifted her head—

"Sing to me: dance to me. Drive my thoughts away from me!" she cried.

Two of the maidens sprang to their feet, and, taking hands, began to dance. It was a dance of posture and attitude—slow, graceful, quiet: the girl who played the mandoline touched it gently, as if the dance were a song and as if she were playing an accompaniment.

The Queen looked on, but carelessly. The dance had no power to distract her thoughts. When they had danced for five minutes she waved her hand and the dancers ceased.

Vashti threw off the silken coverlet and sprang impatiently to her feet.

She was taller than the average, much taller: a mass of brown hair was coiled about her head, but her eyes were blue, a dark, deep blue: her complexion was white, with a touch of colour in the cheek—not the English ruddy touch, but the glow under the skin of the South: she was dressed in some silken stuff that sparkled in the lamplight with gold thread and precious stones, her bare arms were laden with gold bracelets, round her ankles lay bangles and rings of gold, her fingers were covered with rings, round her neck lay more gold chains, gold thread gleamed in her hair. She was all gold. She threw up her arms with an impatient gesture, and stepped down the stage. Her maidens rose and stood waiting.

"Oh!" she cried. "All day—every day—flowers and fruit, love-songs, stories of Jinns, dancing, and obedience—nothing else. I am weary—I!"

Said Melkah, the old woman: "Does the Queen call jewels and gold and embroidery nothing? She who is the King's Favourite has the whole world. Is that nothing?"

"That free woman, Melkah, she whom no man desired, she who lived alone and was wise, and could command the rain—what is my empire compared with hers? Flowers and fruit, love-songs, stories of Jinns, dancing, fine robes, that is all—there is nothing more."

Melkah laughed. "What more does the world contain? Let the Queen have patience. She has all there is to have. When youth and beauty vanish, these vanish too. Let the Queen rejoice in her youth and beauty."

Outside there arose a mighty shouting with the blare of trumpets.

"It is the King who feasts," said Melkah. "All the Princes of the Empire are with him. This is the seventh night of the great feast. The King's heart is glad within him. The Princes drink the King's wine in vessels of gold. May the King live for ever! Life and youth and strength, fruit and wine, and the flesh of lamb and antelope, and the singing girls and the dancing girls, and the love of his Favourite. What is there to ask for more? Is the King weary of the things for which all men pray and none but kings can enjoy in full? Be contented, O Queen, with what contents the King."

The shouting continued. Never before had the King's revelries been so loud. But it was the last night, and on the morrow the Princes would depart each to his own country.

The Queen listened. "They are hot with wine," she said. "They will drink more. Then they will not know what they do or say. Yet, they command, and the world must obey."

Then there were voices heard outside and steps, and the curtain was drawn aside and a burly fat negro appeared. He bowed down to the ground before the Queen.

"Speak, Harbona," said Vashti.

"The King hath spoken. He hath said, 'Call my Chamberlains, those who serve in my Palace, bid them summon Vashti the Queen. Place the crown of gold upon her head, and bring her forth so that the Princes, my friends, and the people—yea, all the people—may behold her beauty, and learn what manner of woman is she in whom the King delighteth.' Thus saith the King."

Vashti flushed suddenly, and her cheek as suddenly changed to white. "Say those words again," she ordered. "It may be that I have not heard aright."

The slave repeated them, concluding again with the words, "Thus saith the King."

"Is the King drunk? Is the King foolish with wine that he should order this thing?" asked Vashti. "Have I angered the King that he should put me to this shame? Am I a woman of the people—one who is not ashamed to lift her veil to every stranger? Am I a woman of the Bazaar? Am I lower than the lowest of my own handmaidens?"

Replied the slave, "Thus and thus saith the King."

"Go!" cried Vashti. "Tell the King that I will not do this thing! I will not obey him to my shame!"

"Nay," replied the slave. "But thus saith the King. On my head be it."

"Thy head, slave? What care I for thy head?"

"It may be," said Melkah—all the girls were now grouped frightened round the Queen—"it may be that the King jests. Go back, Harbona—say that Vashti the Queen asks if this is in very truth the King's pleasure, or if the King jests. Go!"

"Go!" said Vashti, her eyes flashing. "Go! Ask not if the King jests—a sorry jest it were—but say that Vashti the Queen will not obey him in this thing. Go!"

The slave turned and departed.

All of them listened. There was no shouting—the revellers were strangely silent.

"They are waiting," said the old woman, "for the Queen. They are hungry for the beauty of the Queen."

Everything remained silent.

Then Vashti began to take off her braveries. She untwisted the gold thread which kept up her hair, so that it fell all around her like a garment; she took off her necklaces, bracelets, bangles, and rings; she took off the splendid robe, and stood before them in a garb simple as that of her own handmaidens.

"Sisters," she said, "I am no longer Vashti the Queen, I

am Vashti the handmaid; Vashti the servant; Vashti disgraced and despised. But I have not shown my face—oh! the shame of it—at the King's feast before the eyes of all those men."

The girls said nothing: they were too frightened for speech.

"Melkah," said Vashti, "that woman who was free. Tell me more of the woman who was free."

The curtains closed. The first act was finished. Then the actresses pushed through the curtains and came running into the larger room.

"Well, mother?" asked Francesca, pushing back her long hair. "How does it go so far?"

"Very well. Don't rush it. Your dance should have been prolonged, and in the song I would use that trick of all the voices together for the first verse as well as the last. 'Lo! she cometh,' first and third line. Your dresses are very pretty, my children, and the dialogue is not too long. I congratulate you, Francesca, on the first act of your first play. Now let us have up the curtain for the second act."

Francesca and the other girl went behind the curtain. The rest all sat in front and increased the audience.

When the curtain was drawn aside the second time it showed a small room with a divan running along one side of it and little other furniture except a shelf on which stood a row of phials. An earthen pitcher of water was in a corner; the divan was covered with cushions; it was lighted by a window, over which hung a rough canvas, which kept out the light as well as the sun; an open doorway, also partly hung with canvas, opened upon a low verandah of thatch resting on two poles. Beyond the verandah was the crowded Bazaar; one heard, or seemed to hear, the confused murmur of bargains—the low voices of those who offered and the shrill tones of those who refused. This was the house of Melkah, the wise woman of Syria, who told stories and sold charms, and cured sick people, and had many secrets, and was in great demand in harems.

Within the room Melkah herself lay huddled up in a corner of the divan—and leaning against the door-post was the tall figure of a younger woman, veiled, though there were no men present and it was a woman's room.

"It is five years," said this figure, and the audience started, because it was the unmistakable voice of Vashti—clear—musical—distinct—"five years, Melkah, since I fled from the Palace and sought refuge here. Better death—if I am taken—death in its worst form—than to be the servant of my successor. I found shelter with thee—in this cottage near the desert, where our only danger is from the lions and the serpents."

"Yes; it is five years. Does Vashti remember, and lament the past?"

"Not so. Thou hast taught me all thy secrets; they have forgotten me in the Palace; the King's Chamberlains go up and down the city, but they lift not a woman's veil. No one, I think, even in the Palace, would know me now. I am quite safe. And I am free—free—free. Why hast thou sent for me, Melkah?"

"Yestreen I was in the Harem and I saw her—your successor, Vashti—Esther the Queen."

"You saw her. You saw Esther the Queen, in whom the King delighteth," said Vashti, slowly.

"She sent for me. She would speak with me secretly. She knew me for a wise woman, one who could keep secrets as well as sell charms. 'Give me,' she said, 'the secret of love; I would fix the heart of the King.' Lo, I would not understand, and presently she confessed that the King is wearying of her, and she fears her beauty is waning, and her power daily declines. So I said to her that I was a wise woman truly, but not so wise as another whom I knew; that this was a great matter, and beyond me, but if she would come to this poor house, alone, she should see the other wise woman."

"She will come here—to see me—Esther the Queen—to see me!"

"Vashti, now is the hour of revenge. Give her that which will dry up her beauty suddenly—in a single day—so that she shall become old and withered even as I myself, Melkah the Syrian, who once was young and fair. This is thine hour, O Vashti!"

"Nay. But revenge—why should I take revenge upon this woman? She is a slave: I am free. She would be still a slave: I would still be free. Let her come."

Even as she spoke, a company of half-a-dozen Nubian slaves, guarding two or three women closely veiled, stopped at the house, and, leaving her attendants under the verandah, one woman raised the curtain and entered the dingy room.

Vashti dropped the canvas quite across the door. Then the three women were alone. Vashti lifted her own veil. Her face was thinner than when she was the King's Favourite. She had stained it a light brown, so that she looked like a Hindoo woman, but she was taller than the women of that country. There were no gold ornaments on her neck or on her arms, which were also stained like the face.

The newcomer looked about her timidly. In the dim light she made out Melkah, but who was the other?

"Is this your wise woman, Melkah?" she asked.

"I am the wise woman," Vashti replied in an assumed voice.

"You are young. I thought all wise women were old. When one is old"—She shuddered.

"It may be that I am older than I look. It may be that the bones of my husband lie buried with those of your great-grandfather, O Queen."

"You know me, then? But Melkah told you. Yes. I am that—that woman whom all the world calls happy. I am Esther the Queen. Alas! and my lord the King wearies of my beauty."

"Your beauty fades, the King grows weary of your charms, your power is departing. What do you look for? She who reigns only by virtue of her beauty is thrust from the throne



when that departs. You are the Queen of a year or two. Then you must fain come down. You thought you would reign for ever, then—you—why?"

"No, no. Yet a little longer—a year or two longer—only a year or two longer. It is not much to ask. After that, let me sink back into a corner of the Palace, and live neglected and die forgotten."

"You are of the Jewish race; they love power more than other people. It is dear to you that you can persuade the King to anything. They come to you with petitions, and you say, 'Wait, wait. What the King's Favourite can do I can do.' Then they praise your goodness. Oh! I know. Let me see this face that has gained favour with the King above all other women of his Empire, such favour that it can overthrow great lords and save the lives of doomed people. Lift thy veil, Esther the Queen."

Esther—who was the girl called Clara—obeyed. It was as if bright sunshine suddenly fell upon that dark room and lit up every corner of it. And at the sight of that face Vashti turned pale and trembled. For she saw and acknowledged her beauty. As for herself, she was tall, cold, imperious, and proud. This woman was fair and gentle, soft and tender smiles played about her lips and lay in her soft and tender eyes. Her cheek was touched with a rosy red, a maiden blush—a childish blush. Her fair hair was rolled up on her lovely head.

blood and warms the heart and fills out the cheek. Drink of this, and for a few hours you shall seem young again. Take your year or two more. Then all will vanish—youth and beauty, charm and love. Then the corner of the Harem and oblivion. Better let night and oblivion come at once—what matters an hour more of splendour?"

"No—no—no—let me reign still, if only for an hour longer. Let me be strong through love a little longer."

"Take it, then. Go, Queen of another hour!"

The visitor departed.

"See, Melkah," said Vashti, "the woman would still be loved. She thinks herself strong because she can coax and wheedle and persuade. Why, so is the worm strong that works its way through the earth: so is the child strong who persuades his mother. Strong through love? Nay, but women are strong through cunning and craft. They turn the love of their lords to compass their own ends. She strong through love? She is but a slave who has a hearing. Only those women are strong who are free. I am strong. She who belongs to a man loses all her strength, if ever she had any. I would be a queen and ruler—not a queen and favourite. I would sit upon a throne and send this man here and that man there. I would lead armies. I would raise men to great dignity and depose princes. All I have admired I would do. Since I cannot, I sit here in this cottage, and I am a wise woman. That is something. Thanks to thy instructions,

of the Palace to the herbs of my garden and my simple food? What is the happiness of the King's Favourite, his favourite for an hour, compared with the happiness of my freedom? I am free. First of womankind, I have gained my freedom! I am free! First of womankind, I am free!"

Vashti threw out her arms; her veil, which had been thrown back like a hood, fell down to her feet; her hair fell with it. Her rich brown tresses fell like a long cloak around her; she pushed back some of them with her left hand. A ray of white sunlight gleamed suddenly through the coarse canvas of the window and touched her cheek with colour, and made her eyes flash like stars. Then Melkah and the cottage disappeared suddenly; in fact, the scenery with the old woman was suddenly pulled away, and Vashti stood in the centre of the stage. But not alone. Behind her stood, row behind row, as if they were countless in numbers—there were really five or six—figures of veiled women. You can produce this effect by two sheets of mirror glass set at an angle. On their arms were chains, some of gold and some of iron; but all carried chains. They stood with bowed heads in silence. Then they drew nearer and surrounded her and fell upon their knees, still in silence, still with bowed heads.

"Ye are women," said Vashti, "therefore ye are in chains. Ye are slaves who are never set free. All other slaves shall be emancipated: the prisoners of war, the negro slaves, the slaves of the soil, the slaves of the city; the last emancipation



Two of the maidens sprang to their feet, and, taking hands, began to dance. It was a dance of posture and attitude—slow, graceful, quiet: the girl who played the mandoline touched it gently, as if the dance were a song and as if she were playing an accompaniment.

"Can you help me?" asked Esther.

"Wait. Let me look at you. Let me think. There were other fair women in the Palace. Vashti—she who was Queen, she who refused to be shown to the Princes, she who disappeared—was slain, one thinks—she was said to be beautiful. Men change—their fancy changes from dark to fair. Why do you complain? It is the common lot."

"I do not complain. But I have been so happy—for five short years—and I love the King. To me he is always kind. Let him love me a little longer."

"Fool! It is not you that he loves—not Esther. It is your soft face and your soft eyes. Of Esther he knows nothing. He has never conversed with you. Well, one cannot keep your face from decay. Melkah will sell you cosmetics and things to smooth your skin and brighten your eyes."

"If it is only my face that the King loves, make him love that face a little longer."

"It is a fair face," she said, with the coldness of a woman who recognises and acknowledges the beauty of another woman. She sees it—the thing moves her not; but she acknowledges it. "I have seen no fairer face even among the handmaidens of the Harem. It is a fair face; but it begins to fade. There are lines under the eyes: the cheeks grow thin: youth flies. A few more years and you will become like Melkah here."

The Queen's eyes filled with tears, but she said nothing.

"Take this bottle," said Vashti, giving her a small flask from the shelf. "Drink a few drops of this. It fires the

Melkah, I am a witch. Ah! Hadst thou told me at the Harem all that I know now, I would have made the King my slave and been a Queen indeed. He should have crept after me like a dog—like the dog that he is. Well, but I am a witch. I can tell the future. I can read the past. I can tell what people think and what they design. Thou hast made me a witch, good Melkah; they are famous witches, those of thy country. Oh! that is nothing. I am the first woman in the world who has dared to disobey her lord. I shall never be forgotten. In the days to come, when the multitude of men shall swarm round every coast and over all the isles, the name of Vashti shall be remembered and held in honour. Vashti, the first to rebel; Vashti, who refused to be the slave of man."

"Yet it is best for a woman to be a wife and a mother," said Melkah, still sticking to principle, though so wise a woman.

"Not for all women, good Melkah. There are some who are born to be free. They will not suffer us yet to do aught but what they call woman's work—that is, the meanest and the hardest work—the spinning and the sewing and the cleaning. So am I fain to leave the magic arts—the wisdom of the woman—and to become a witch. There shall come a time when the free woman shall essay the wisdom and the handiwork of man. But I am satisfied—I am free—I am no longer the slave of man. The beasts and fruits and flowers, the love-songs, the gold bracelets, the dances of the Harem—what are all these, Melkah, to the free air which sweeps across the desert into my cottage beyond the city? What are the feasts

of all shall be the emancipation of woman from man. Mothers and foremothers of slaves! Have patience: the time of freedom shall surely some day come."

Then they tossed their arms so that the chains made music to their voices as they cried: "Vashti the Queen! Vashti the Rebel! Teach us to be free!"

And with these words the curtain fell. The play was ended.

(To be continued.)

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THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS MARIE OF EDINBURGH.



ARRIVAL OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR AT SIGMARINGEN.



ARRIVAL OF THE KING OF ROUMANIA AT SIGMARINGEN.



THE CHILDHOOD OF PRINCESS MARIE OF EDINBURGH.



THE DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH AND PRINCESS MARIE.



PRINCESS MARIE OF EDINBURGH.



PRINCESS MARIE OF EDINBURGH.



PRINCESS MARIE OF EDINBURGH.

*From photographs by Vollenhuth, Coburg.*



## THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS MARIE OF EDINBURGH



*Photo by Uhlenhuth, Coburg.*

PRINCESS MARIE OF EDINBURGH AND TWO OF HER SISTERS.



*Photo by Uhlenhuth, Coburg.*

THE DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH AND HER CHILDREN.



*Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.*

THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA AND THE  
DUKE AND DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH.



*Photo by Uhlenhuth, Coburg.*

PRINCESS BEATRICE OF EDINBURGH.

LENT BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



## THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS MARIE OF EDINBURGH.

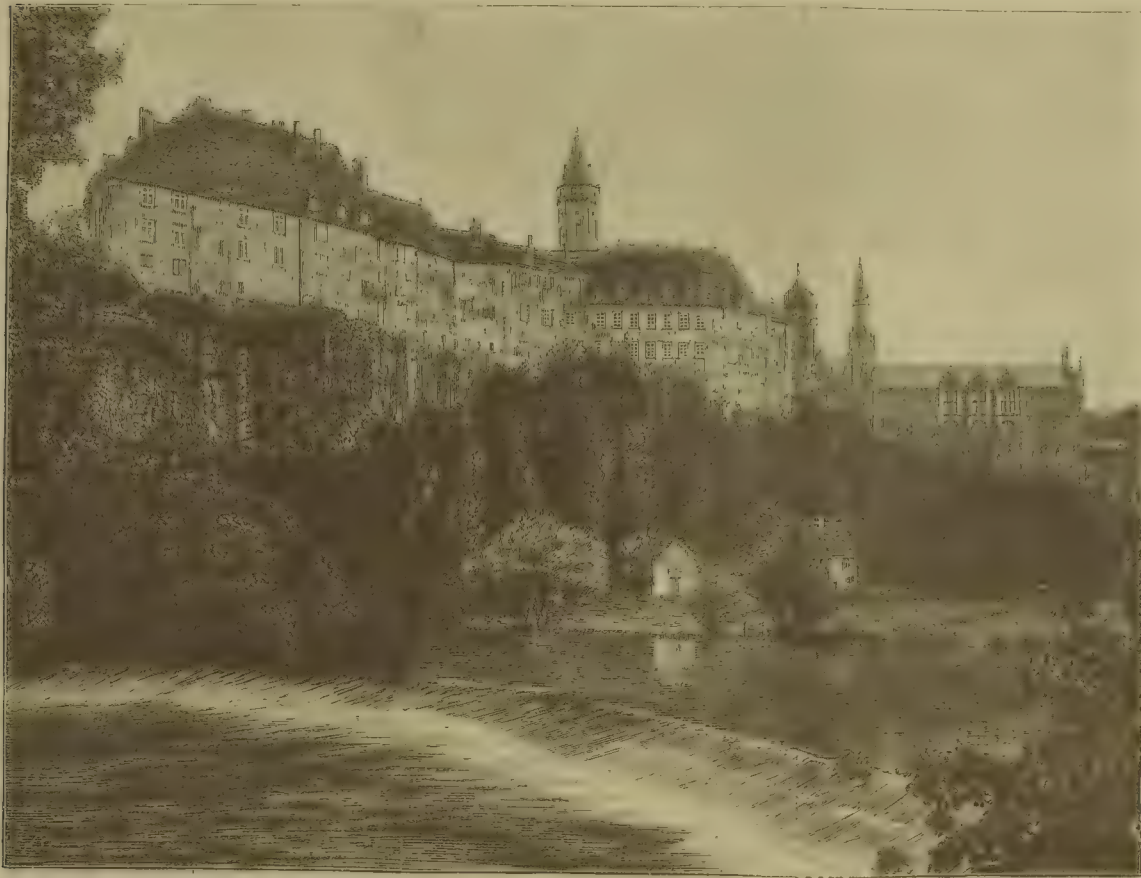
## HOHENZOLLERN - SIGMARINGEN.

Speaking once after dinner, at Münster, the capital of Westphalia, the present German Emperor launched out warmly on the personal virtues of the inhabitants of that province, describing them as the kernel and cream of the whole German nation. But there is another tribe or race

zollern, the father of the young prince, heir appointed to the crown of Roumania, who has now led home to Bucharest one of Queen Victoria's fairest granddaughters. Prince Leopold represents the Catholic branch of the Hohenzollerns, as the German Emperor is chief of the Protestant line; but religion does not divide them, for they both derive

teenth century. It was at this time that the line was split up into two branches—that of Hechingen, the elder, and that of Sigmaringen. But the former is now extinct, while the latter (in 1850) surrendered its sovereignty to the Crown of Prussia, which now administers the little agricultural principality in the interest of unity and good government. Yet Sigmaringen, though no longer a capital, is still a Residenz, and with its Danube-laved castle straggling on its wooded height, its somnolent old-world streets, its little garrison, its towers, meadows, and hill-engirt horizon, forms the chief abode of that illustrious family which has furnished a dynasty to Roumania and offered one to Spain. Race is a very remarkable thing, for though there has been little or no intermixture between the Catholic and the Protestant branches of the Hohenzollerns, the Sigmaringen and the Brandenburg lines, since their separation centuries ago, let anyone look at the portraits of the present Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern and the late Emperor Frederick, and he must needs conclude that the two men, remotely descended from a common stock, might very well pass for brothers.

Neither the Castle of Hohenzollern nor that of Sigmaringen escaped the ravages of time and war, but the former, in its renovated form, still towers to the sky as a sort of fancy fortress and family museum, though in the latter respect the Schloss at Sigmaringen bears away the bell with its armoury of ancient weapons and its trophies of the chase, its "Ancestors' Hall" ("Moi, je suis ancêtre," said Napoleon), hung with portraits, many of them imaginary, of all the Hohenzollerns; its historic relics, valuable library, treasury of mediæval art, and its gorgeously decorated Ritter Saal, or Knights' Hall, which lately formed the scene of that wedding banquet of which the joy-bells' music, in the befitting language of the King of Roumania, was borne down the "beautiful blue Danube" to the bride's future home in Bucharest. Conforming to modern customs, which are founded on modern wants and luxury, Prince Leopold, as candidate for the throne of Spain, and present head of the Catholic Hohenzollerns, no longer inhabits the Schloss of his ancestors, preferring to dwell in the "Prinzenbau," or Princely Palace, built in the town by his father—a square, massive structure in the Greek style; and here, if he no longer rules over, he continues at least to reign within the hearts of his people, who are as mediæval in their bucolic simplicity as they are immoderate in their loyalty to one of the oldest and most illustrious lines in all Europe. And of all the men who helped to cement the unity of the Fatherland, both at Sadowa and at Sedan, none were more prodigal of their blood than the stout, country-bred battalions from the little principality of Hohenzollern, as is testified by the monuments in the streets of Sigmaringen to the memory of the "*Tupfere Krieger*" who "remained," as the German euphemism beautifully has it, on the



THE CASTLE OF SIGMARINGEN, ON THE DANUBE.

in the Fatherland which lays equal claim to the same honour, and that is the Swabians—the Suevi of Tacitus—the men of blond, stern aspect (*oculi truces cerulei*), who worsted and took the country of the Alemanni, a word which still survives in the French name for Germany. And truly they always have been, as they still are, a very tough and doughty race of Germans, these Suevi or Swabians, who dwell between the Black Forest and the Alps on both sides of the infant Danube. Their nobles, too, are as proud as they are long-pedigreed, for when a man can trace his descent to the fifth century he is surely entitled to hold his head as high as families descended from the warrior knights of our own William the Conqueror. Germany also has her William the Conqueror, for was not the first Emperor of a reunited Fatherland called "*Wilhelm der Siegreiche*"? (William Rich in Victories), and it was from one of these fierce, fighting Swabian nobles that the German "William the Victorious" derived his direct origin. The "Black Eagle" is the crest of the Prussian royal family, and the nest of this rapacious bird was a lofty, isolated crag among the wilds of Swabia, which is now crowned by the restored and picturesque Castle of Hohenzollern.

This was the *Stammsschloss* or cradle of the Hohenzollern race, from which one cadet member, Conrad by name, emerging about the middle of the twelfth century and taking service with Kaiser Barbarossa, was appointed lieutenant or viceroy of that Emperor over the Free City of Franconian Nürnberg. This office became hereditary in his line, which continued to grow so much in substance and repute that on the sovereignty of the Mark of Brandenburg—the "sandbox of the Holy Roman Empire"—lapsing to Kaiser Sigismund the Hohenzollern Burggraf of Nürnberg managed to purchase it, electoral title and all, and thus, as Markgraf, or Warden of the Marches in Brandenburg, gained a territorial foothold for his family, which it steadily went on increasing, till at the beginning of the eighteenth century it was able to dignify itself by the royal title, which has now in turn become merged in the broader and brighter blazon of an Emperor.

The author of "*Self-Help*" has confined his beadroll of fame to the humbler heroes of worldly success. But by none of those heroes were the virtues of personal pluck and perseverance ever more shiningly and continuously displayed than by the long line of rulers who converted a mere watchtower at Nürnberg into an Electoral Palace at Brandenburg, and who again expanded a waste of sand and bog into a mighty and overshadowing empire. The German Empire emerged from the terrific furnace of the Franco-Prussian War, and the man who set this foundry fire aglow was Leopold of Hohen-

their direct and undoubted descent from the founder of the old Schloss on the Hohenzollern Hill, which, lofty and apart like the eagle's eyrie, still commands a fine view of the hills and valleys of Swabia.

Nor must this Schloss be confounded, as it sometimes is in the mind of the historical student, with the Castle of Sigmaringen, which was the scene of the late royal wedding. Sigmaringen stands considerably farther south, on the right bank of the Danube, and only came into possession of the stay-at-home Hohenzollerns (as distinguished from the emigrants to Brandenburg) about the middle of the six-



MUSEUM IN THE CASTLE OF SIGMARINGEN.



battle-fields of Bohemia and of France. But, indeed, in this respect prince and peasant shared a common glory. For one of the costliest sacrifices demanded by the unification of the Fatherland was the fall of Prince Antony of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, at the head of a company of the Prussian Guards, as he gallantly led them on to storm the heights of Chlum. And among all the historic relics of which the Schloss at Sigmaringen forms so

quotation from Aristophanes to show that "Lakist," is no term of reproach—

ὄπις οὐ τῶν ἠθάδων τῶνδ' ὦν ὁρᾷ' ἔμειν' ἀεὶ,  
ἀλλὰ ΛΙΜΝΑΙΟΣ.

"This is no common barn-door fowl: No, but a Lakist" [Water-fowl].

Mr. Andrew Lang has, says the *Athenæum*, a volume of Homeric essays in the press, which Messrs. Longman will



THE CASTLE OF HOHENZOLLERN, SOUTH GERMANY.

vast a storehouse, none are more interesting than the sword and helmet of this Catholic Hohenzollern who, on behalf of his Protestant kinsman of Prussia—

Rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

#### LITERARY GOSSIP.

It is some years now since Mr. Frederick Wedmore delighted a select circle of readers with his "Pastorals of France," perfectly delicious idylls, full of pretty pathos. Mr. Wedmore has all too tardily given us another book of a similar character. "Renunciations," published by Elkin Mathews and Lane, contains three stories, one at least of which has appeared in the magazines. In all there is the same old charm of style, the same fascinating command of sympathetic incident. Now it is a young chemist on a holiday tour who loves, and is loved by, a girl in society; again it is of a more cynical nature, where, under the title of "A Confidence at the Savile," a man describes his affection for a certain lady which is suddenly chilled by finding her asleep over a book. We quote a few sentences—

"The book lay in her lap, had insufficient foothold, would tumble presently on the floor." Margaret's hands—large, healthy, full-veined, and true flesh-coloured—hung by her side. "I'm an observer of hands, and hers were the right sort. But her face? The soul had gone out of it! Not only was her sleep 'a most fast sleep,' in the phrase of Lady Macbeth's Gentlewoman; there was the half-opened mouth, with the closed eyes. If I said that her jaw visibly fell, I should be wronging her; it did not do that. But the soul was gone. What I seemed to see was dead matter. Margaret slept the sleep of the just, but the sleep of the unrepentative."

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson has sent over from Samoa a new story, entitled "The Isle of Voices." It will be published shortly by Messrs. Cassell with "Uma; or, The Beach of Falesa," and "The Bottle Imp." According to the *Speaker*, "Uma" has hitherto only appeared in a mutilated form. It may be well, therefore, as the story appeared in the *Illustrated London News*, to state, with all due emphasis, that it corresponded entirely with the author's original manuscript with the exception of half-a-dozen lines, which took the form of a bogus marriage certificate. As the *Speaker* is generally considered to be somewhat inspired by Messrs. Cassell, we await the volume with interest in order that we may see if these lines are included in it, exactly as they appeared in the author's manuscript. In any case, we consider the word "mutilated" is scarcely justified by the facts.

The exquisite absurdity of Jeffrey's attempt to join three poets, whom their Maker had put asunder so widely in aim and method, by the common denominator, "The Lake School," has long been recognised by the world which thinks; but the nickname, especially in its abbreviated forms of "Laker" and "Lakist," still fascinates the unthinking majority, whose only care for such things is to get as many authors as possible into one pigeonhole.

They are encouraged not infrequently by some of the thinking minority, who lazily use the phrase as an equivalent for the "return-to-nature" school of poets, but the original savour of contempt still clings, and something better should speedily be invented. Arthur Hallam called it a "cant term," but defended its retention on the score of convenience; and he once made an excellent punning

publish. Mr. Lang's standpoint is strictly conservative, some people would call it old-fashioned. He is a strong opponent of Kirchhoff's views regarding the composition of the *Odyssey*, and disapproves of any attempt to "dislocate" it.

All our prose writers seem to be turning their hands to poetry. Everybody received a shock when they heard that Mr. W. E. H. Lecky was bringing out a volume of verse, and the announcement that Mr. W. H. Mallock is about to issue some poems strikes one as slightly incongruous. Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. promise us a large-paper edition very shortly.

It is always interesting to notice the perpetuation of famous names in literature. This is the case with Mr. A. H. Savage Landor, the grandson of Walter Savage Landor.

Few places remain which have been unvisited by Europeans. The island of Yesso, in the north of Japan, has been recently explored, and Mr. Murray is about to publish a book by Mr. Landor, entitled "Alone with the Hairy Ainu; or, 3800 miles on a Pack-Saddle in Yezo."

That veteran diplomatist and Parliamentarian, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, has been persuaded to give a wider circulation to a previously printed volume, entitled "Some



PALACE OF THE PRINCE OF HOHENZOLLERN AT SIGMARINGEN.

Notes of the Past," which has hitherto only delighted his private friends. Another raconteur of fame, Mr. George Augustus Sala, promises the readers of the *Daily Telegraph* various reminiscences which are sure to be highly interesting, diverting, and instructive. The newspaper with "the largest circulation in the world" is going to outshine its contemporaries with a special Saturday supplement, containing many attractive features.

The first number of the *Westminster Gazette* is to appear on the day Parliament opens, Jan. 31, and of the *Westminster Budget* in the week following. Temporary offices have been secured in the *Daily Telegraph's* "stand-by" building in Tudor Street, and exactly opposite to them permanent premises are being erected. K.

#### A MAGAZINE CAUSERIE.

Who would have thought it? A political article, written by a Scotchman too, proves to be a piece of pure humour. Mr. R. Wallace has succeeded, in the *New Review*, in making a point in the Home Rule question so entertaining that I laughed aloud in the solemn sanctuary of my club. Anxious friends inquired the cause of this surprising mirth, and I could only ejaculate "Home Rule—Scotchman awfully funny!" This has done my reputation some injury, especially as the party journals have treated Mr. Wallace with tremendous earnestness, and have missed his jokes altogether. It is not easy for a Scotch member, I suppose, to make a name as a humourist all at once, but I can assure Mr. Wallace that he has in me, at all events, a most appreciative reader. His description of the Southrons who have invaded Scotland, and got themselves elected for burghs and counties, is delightful. I have nothing to do with the point to which Mr. Wallace devotes his argument, but it is an unspeakable boon to find a politician who can write about Home Rule with real humour, and not with the solemn solicitor air of Mr. John Redmond, who, though an Irishman, never, I believe, made a joke in his life. Mr. Redmond figures in the *New Review* and in the *Nineteenth Century*, and if anybody has any relish for the Parnellite and Anti-Parnellite views of the Irish priesthood he ought to find a very satisfying meal in the rhetoric of Mr. Redmond and Mr. Davitt. Then, the temperance question is expounded by Mr. Caine in the *Contemporary*. Mr. Caine wants to extinguish the liquor traffic, which he holds to be the cause of poverty, crime, and vice, but he is good enough to consider the sad case of the moderate drinkers who want a reasonable supply of intoxicating liquor without demoralising the community. I do not see, however, that Mr. Caine has much practical sympathy with this object. He drops an ominous remark about clubs. There is evidently to be a direct veto in the hands of some citizens on the sherry and bitters I imbibe at the club about three times a year. I am nursing a fragile hope on Mr. Wyndham's article in the *Contemporary* on the Bishop of Chester's project of philanthropic public-houses. If this can only be extended to clubs, my dissipation thrice a year may be sheltered by the cloak of righteousness.

The most striking article of the month is Mr. E. B. Lanin's monograph on the Czar in the *Contemporary*. Possibly Mr. Lanin's embittered hostility to Russia weakens the moral effect of every fresh diatribe, but this mordant study of Alexander III. is full of shrewd observation. It is the most coherent explanation, moreover, of the contradictions between the Czar as a most Christian monarch and the Czar as the ruthless scourge of liberty. An autocrat under any conditions is likely to be a burden to civilisation, but autocracy plus religious mania is, perhaps, the direst curse any country has endured since the days of Torquemada. This fact might be usefully pondered by Mr. Lilly, who, in his acute dissertation in the *Nineteenth Century* on the ills of democracy, seems to overlook, as usual, the absence of any conceivable Constitution between government by numbers and government by an autocrat who may be a lunatic. Speculations about royal or quasi-royal personages furnish material for an article by Mr. Archibald Forbes in the *New Review*, and another by Mr. George Miller in the *Gentleman's*. Mr. Forbes describes with much graphic detail the remarkable brothers who claimed to be the grandsons of the Young Pretender. They have left heirs of the very queer tradition that Charles Edward's child was spirited away by a British frigate, lest it should be murdered by the minions of the House of Hanover. But Mr. Miller's tale is more original, being nothing less than an account of the death of Charles II. after Worcester, and the accession of an impostor under his name at the Restoration. Who, then, was the Merry Monarch? This is a pleasing enigma for winter evenings in country houses. It is, at any rate, more entertaining than Canon Wilberforce's denunciation of vivisection in the *New Review*—an instructive example of everything that controversial manners ought not to be. To readers who search amidst the debris of personalities for facts about vivisection, the account by Mr. Coppén Jones in the *Fortnightly* of the cure of tetanus by inoculation, due, of course, to experiments on living animals, will furnish some useful material. From this subject the transition is natural to Mr. W. J. Corbet's indictment of the Lunacy Commissioners in the *Fortnightly*. Mr. Corbet maintains that the Lunacy Commissioners in England are not alive to the alarming fact that "as time progresses the stream of insanity broadens and deepens continuously." I cannot criticise Mr. Corbet's statistics, but they appear to show that we are approaching a stage of development which will confirm the First Gravedigger's opinion about the wits of this island. If the reader is not frightened to death by Mr. Corbet, he can refresh himself with Mr. Haweis's article in the *Fortnightly* on ghosts. Mr. Haweis has a great contempt for people who do not accept the phenomena of occultism, and he is quite prepared to believe that an innocent photographer may find on the plate the image of somebody's "double" which he has photographed inadvertently. As a final dose of marvels for the month, I recommend Professor Charcot's account of the "miracles" at Lourdes are accepted as quite natural by the faculty.

Of the purely literary matter, by far the most interesting is Mr. James Knowles's account of Tennyson's opinions in the *Nineteenth Century*. Mr. Knowles has Boswellised the bard with no little success, and the specimen he gives of Tennyson's prose in the shape of an Idyll of the King will make nobody long for the familiar and somewhat cloying blank verse. In the *Century* Mark Twain spoils a delicious story by wanton extravagance; but even as it stands the legend of the gentleman who was let loose on the town with a million-pound banknote is remarkably fresh and clever. In *Macmillan* Mr. Rudyard Kipling unfolds another yarn of Mulvaney, and in *Harper's* Dr. Conan Doyle begins an historical romance, "The Refugees," with great spirit. Mr. Howells's farces are becoming laborious; but a study of the proletariat in Paris is in poor Theodore Child's best manner. In *Scribner* Mrs. Hodgson Burnett is slightly mawkish in her autobiography of a small girl. Besides, infantile emotion is a rather faded branch of literature. L. F. A.



THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS MARIE OF EDINBURGH.



THE CASTLE OF KRAUCHENWIES, NEAR SIGMARINGEN, WHERE THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA ARE PASSING THEIR HONEYMOON.



Duke of Connaught. Duke of Flanders. Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern. Duke of Edinburgh



Abbot Theodor Weller.

Prince of Saxe-Weimar. Princess of Hohenzollern. King of Roumania.

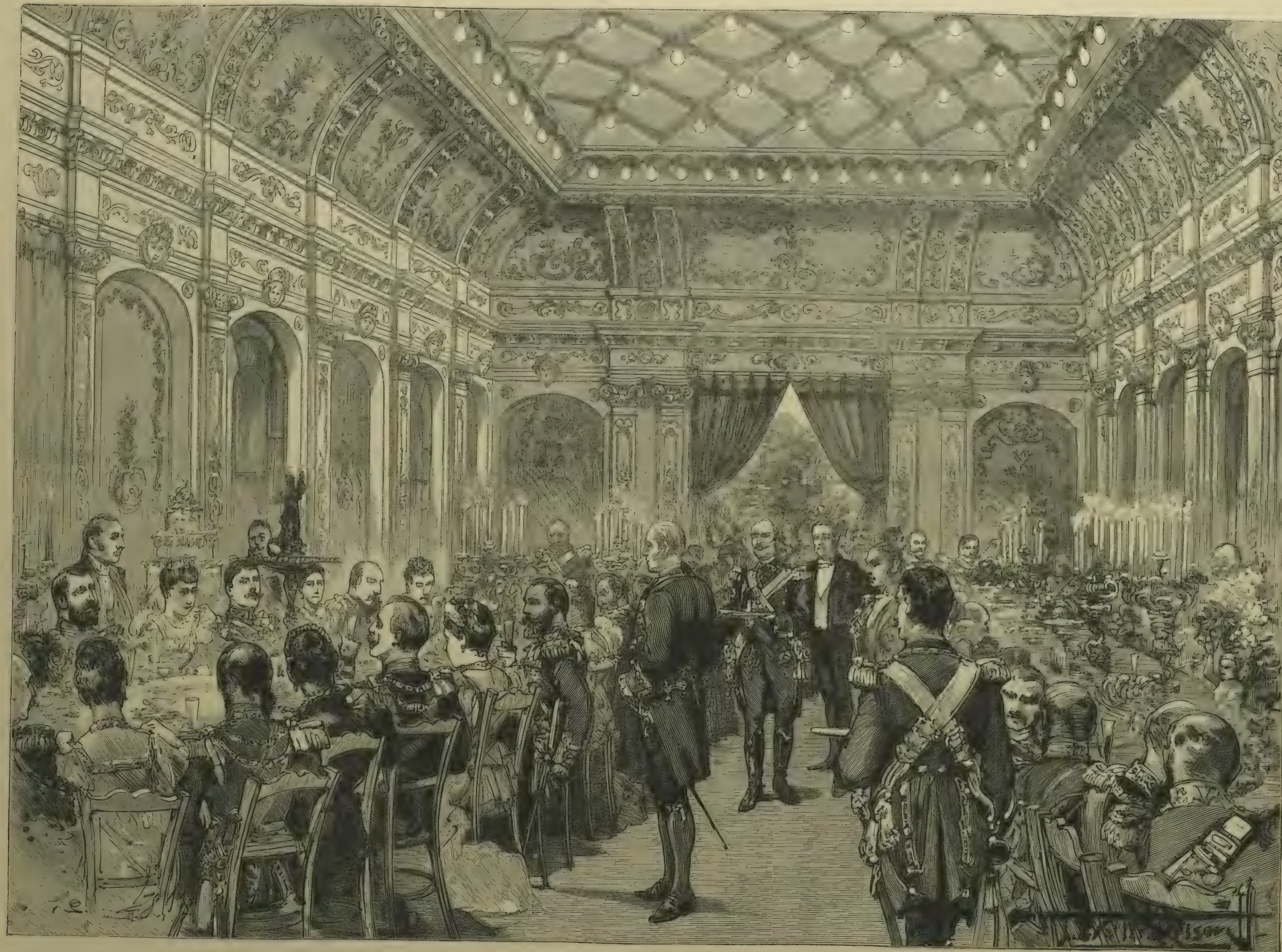
Crown Prince Ferdinand of Roumania. Princess Marie of Edinburgh.

Duchess of Connaught. Duchess of Edinburgh. German Emperor.

THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS MARIE OF EDINBURGH AND THE CROWN PRINCE FERDINAND OF ROUMANIA IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AT SIGMARINGEN.

SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. J. SCHÜNBURG.





THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS MARIE OF EDINBURGH: BANQUET IN THE SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED HALL.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. J. SCHÖNBERG.



# THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS MARIE OF EDINBURGH.



*Photo by Backofen, Darmstadt.*

THE CROWN PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA (PRINCESS MARIE).



*Photo by Uhlenhuth, Coburg.*

PRINCESS MARIE OF EDINBURGH.

## CASTLE PELESCH, SINAIA, ROUMANIA.

The northern and western borders of Wallachia and Moldavia, united in the Kingdom of Roumania, are

separated from the Austro-Hungarian dominions in Transylvania by the Carpathian mountain range. It is a highland and woodland region abounding in picturesque and romantic scenery. In the valley of the Prahova, 2900 ft. above the sea-level, stands the monastery of Sinaia, on a steep rock, surrounded by an ancient forest, overlooked by the peaks of several lofty mountains. A torrent called the Pelesch rushes down in foaming waterfalls through deep glens to the lower country. On its banks, in the shade of fine beech-trees, Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, after his election to be ruling Prince of Roumania, built a small villa, which has, since his marriage with the Princess of Wied - indeed, since they became King and Queen - been converted into a palatial

castle. It was completed in October 1883. It is a large, many-sided building, with towers and turrets, gables, arched galleries, and balconies, designed by a German architect. The interior is beautifully adorned with painting, and all the windows are of coloured glass, representing scenes from the Roumanian legends which "Carmen Sylva," the accomplished Queen, has collected and translated. The walls of the rooms are finely panelled, and there is much Gobelin's tapestry, and many bronzes and statues. The gardens and terraces and woodland walks are delightful. There is a railway from Sinaia to Bucharest, and Sinaia has become a favourite resort of the Roumanian nobility, many of whom have built their own country houses in the neighbourhood.



*Photo by Hüffert, Berlin.*

THE CROWN PRINCE OF ROUMANIA IN UNIFORM OF FIRST REGIMENT OF BODYGUARDS.



PELESCH CASTLE, SINAIA, IN THE CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS, ROUMANIA.



THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS MARIE OF EDINBURGH.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

*New portrait specially taken at Sigmaringen by Mr. Russell, of Baker Street.*



PRINCE ALFRED OF EDINBURGH.

*New portrait specially taken at Sigmaringen by Mr. Russell, of Baker Street.*



*Photo by Uhlenhuth, Coburg.*

THE DUCHESS OF SAXE-COBURG.



*Photo by Uhlenhuth, Coburg.*

THE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG, BROTHER OF THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.



## THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS MARIE OF EDINBURGH.

## BUCHAREST.

Considering that the capital of Roumania—the future home of Princess Marie of Edinburgh—calls itself the “City of Pleasure,” it is surprising that it has hitherto attracted so few pleasure-seekers. But the fact is that it lies outside the happy hunting-grounds of the European



THE ROYAL PALACE AT BUCHAREST, THE CAPITAL OF ROUMANIA.

tourist. Bucharest stands on a little sluggish stream called the Dombovitz, which meanders through a vast and fertile but treeless plain. Yet, even if it stood on the banks of the Danube, it would still be far from that tourist stream which brings life and largesse to so many cities. “West-



THE LIBRARY IN THE PALACE AT BUCHAREST.

no Latin-speaking communities north of the Danube till the beginning of the twelfth century, when the Macedo-Roumanians began to move northward from Thrace and the Pindus regions. That the Roumanians are of pure Latin descent is, therefore, a theory which can only be maintained by those who argue that language is an infallible proof of ethnic origin—a theory which would come to most disastrous grief if applied to the English-speaking natives of India or to the negroes of Jamaica. The truth is that the Roumanian nation—like the English people—is a curious conglomeration of races; and though it cannot strictly be said that this blending of blood has found expression in the same types of physical fairness to look upon as prevail throughout the Anglo-Saxon world, it has, nevertheless, given the Roumanian nation a supple activity and liveliness which make Bucharest one of the most vivacious and pleasure-courting capitals in the world. Some observers have said that Bucharest, a city of dirt and dissoluteness, has all the vices of Paris, without any of its real refinements; but if this was overtrue the heaven of unrighteousness has been greatly counteracted by the presence of a Court such as that which is presided over by King Charles and his high-minded Sappho-Queen, “Carmen Sylva.”

Architecturally considered, Bucharest was long a city more picturesque with the antiquated filth of Constantinople than impressive with the fair results of modern reform; but in recent years, under the inspiring influence of King Charles, much has been done to take the sting out of the abusive language applied to it by most travellers. “There,” said one geographer only a few years ago, “the civilised West is seen enveloped, as it were, in an Eastern



GRAND STAIRCASE AND CROWN PRINCE FERDINAND'S APARTMENTS, ROYAL PALACE AT BUCHAREST.

ward,” said Bishop Berkeley in his well-known quatrain, “the course of empire takes its way.” But it has been left to our Princess Marie to reverse this order of things, and to take her stand upon the steps of a throne which may be said to guard one of the eastern gates of Europe. And, truly, it is rather a pathetic thing, the spectacle of this fair-haired English Princess, with the delicate hues of an English garden-peach upon her cheeks, going to live as Crown Princess among an alien race, dark and dusky as the grape—a people in whose veins the blood of Roumanian, Jew, gypsy, and Bulgar is strangely mingled. For of the five-and-a-half million inhabitants who live under the sway of Hohenzollern King Charles—himself, for an exception to his race, as dark-complexioned as any of his subjects—four-and-a-half million only are described as pure Roumanians, while no fewer than 300,000 are Jews and 200,000 gypsies, not to speak of Bulgarians (100,000), Magyars, Armenians, Poles, Tartars, and other heterogeneous elements which make the ethnographical map of Roumania as fine a patchwork cover as ever puzzled a ruler. But the Roumanians form the solid backbone of the population, and they long flattered themselves that, speaking, as they do, a corrupt form of Latin, they were also descended straight from the military colonists who settled in Dacia—the ancient name of the Danubian Principalities, Moldavia and Wallachia, now combined and called Roumania—after its conquest by Trajan. But out of this patriotic delusion the Roumanians were, or at least ought to have been by now, aroused by the researches of several distinguished German scholars—those pitiless iconoclasts and disturbers of popular dreams, who have clearly shown that after the withdrawal of the Roman garrisons from Dacia there were



THE BOULEVARD ELIZABETH AT BUCHAREST.



## THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS MARIE OF EDINBURGH.



THRONE-ROOM IN THE ROYAL PALACE AT BUCHAREST.

staircase, library, ball-room, and banquetting-hall as any king's house in Europe. It is in apartments of this palace that Prince Ferdinand and his English bride will find domestic accommodation until a special residence can be prepared for them; and it is from the windows of this palace, which abuts on the main thoroughfare of Bucharest, that Princess Marie will be able to watch the, parti-coloured stream of Roumanian folk-life as it flows along in all its rich semi-Oriental variety. She can study the racial composition of the Roumanian people here; or, better still, she can do this when she drives along the suburban "Chaussée," or "Row" of Bucharest, as far as the "Rond Point," lined as it is with its café-kiosks and other popular places of entertainment, and jingling, if it be winter, with the musical sound of innumerable sledge bells. Moreover, she can continue this drive until she catches sight of the isolated fortifications with which the Roumanians, in 1885, began to surround their open capital. These fortifications are intended to protect Bucharest from such rough and masterful intrusion as its inhabitants had to put up with from the Muscovites in 1877. But the Roumanians have now got within their capital itself a bulwark against Russian aggression almost as strong as a ring of forts armed with Schumann gun-turrets. For, in spite of the waning strength of dynastic unions as dominating motives in the field of international politics, the Czar will hesitate a little before hurling his legions on a city which holds so fair a hostage of peace and forbearance as his gentle English niece.



THE KING'S STUDY IN THE ROYAL PALACE AT BUCHAREST.



THE DINING-ROOM IN THE ROYAL PALACE AT BUCHAREST.



THE CHURCH OF DONNA BALASA AT BUCHAREST.

atmosphere. Almost in the centre of the commercial quarter, with its four main thoroughfares, the theatre, palaces of the nobles, grand warehouses, and cafés" (where, by-the-way, gambling is engaged in to an immense extent), "here we are still in a European world, and surrounded by houses and buildings often presenting a stately appearance. But outside this district we at once feel ourselves in Wallachia, hovels and houses jostling each other without system or order, and the whole more like a series of hamlets and villages connected by a number of highways than a large city, in the modern sense of the word."

But this "strange meeting-place between East and West" has within the last few years been made very much more worthy to be the residence of an English princess; and the principles of sanitation, street-paving, street-lighting, and all other municipal improvements have now at last brought Bucharest a little forward out of the back seat in which it was so long content to remain. Morally, as well as materially, the atmosphere of the "City of Pleasure" is very much purer than it was at the time of Prince Charles's election to the Roumanian throne (in 1866), and now it can show some buildings worthy of a country numbering about as many inhabitants as the city, or, rather, the nation, of London. Of these may be mentioned the University, founded in 1864, though the well-to-do Roumanians make a point of sending their sons to be educated in Paris or in Germany; the cathedral, chief sanctuary of the orthodox faith, a fine edifice constructed between 1875 and 1884; and the Royal Palace, rebuilt in 1875, which contains as handsome a



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The prevailing topic of discussion of late days, both in scientific and ordinary circles, has, of course, been the recent fogs. I have been pretty well seasoned in the matter of fogs and mists, but anything more disgusting, annoying, and depressing than the black palls amid which day by day Londoners awoke to struggle through the routine of business or pleasure can hardly be imagined. My chief experience of fogs has been gained in London and Glasgow, and I fancy the northern city will occasionally run the Metropolis very close in the development of black mists. What everybody is calling out for is a cure for the fogs, and that is just what nobody seems to be able to suggest. Of course I know there are many proposals in the field. What one wants to know is which of them (if any) presents us with a reasonable expectation of even limiting the nuisance. I hear of a powder which, sprinkled on the coal we burn, makes it smokeless. This plan, scientifically feasible, I suppose, would necessarily depend for success on the regular application of the powder. Now, human nature is proverbially lazy, and to put pinches of powder on a fire with anything like satisfactory regularity means and implies an exercise of patience and exactitude for which I fear the human race is not ready as things are.

Then, we get to hear of proposals for new types of grates and stoves, which are all to consume their own smoke. But does anybody know of any grate or stove which presents this most desirable and economic quality? I confess I look with suspicion on all such projects, though I admit it should be perfectly possible to make grates much more economical in respect of the coals they burn, and much more liberal in respect of the heat they give out, than are the existing arrangements. We will not endure stoves in this country, of course, and I do not know that stoves better the problem. The Britisher likes an open fire, in front of which he can assume the thoroughly national and conventional attitude. In this matter, as in most other mundane affairs, we cannot have our cake and eat it. If we will have a nice cheerful blaze, we must put up with a nice smoke-producing, costly fire, and there the matter ends. Mr. Teale says if we close in the space below the grate, and put a sheet-iron floor to the fire, so as to make a close arrangement of the whole affair below, our fire will consume much of what now goes up the chimney unconsumed as smoke, and will cost us much less to keep it going. Anyhow, I suppose considerably over 50 per cent. of the heat goes up the chimney in an ordinary fire, and so much of our costly coals go out by the same route to the air, to return to us in the shape of fogs. Really, we of the end of the nineteenth century ought to be wakening up to the enormity represented by an ordinary fire. Our coal supply is within measurable distance of extinction—so the geologists tell us; it is a pity, in one way, we are not nearer the end of our carboniferous tether, for in that event the long-talked-of power of science to give us heat substitutes might be nearer of realisation than appears to be the case to-day. Meanwhile, I suppose, we shall all go on our way rejoicing, snuffing and coughing through our dear old fogs, and grumbling at the high price of coals, leaving it for other generations to solve the heating question, when, it is to be hoped, they will solve the great ventilation question as well.

I have long ceased to wonder that typhoid fever and like ailments remain persistently with us when I reflect not only upon our bad and neglected drainage all round, but upon the many chances and opportunities we give the typhoid-bacillus of entering our stomachs. This remark has been suggested anew by what I have been witnessing of late in the way of ice-storing. We are really very careless about the ice which is stored up for use: careless about the source from which it is taken, and equally neglectful about ensuring its cleanliness in course of transit to storage. I have seen cartloads of ice shovelled from the dirty street into a cellar, there to be kept until required for use by the fishmonger, the confectioner, the hotel-keeper, or, mayhap, the physician himself. Ice is often taken from ordinary rivers and ponds the purity of the water of which is not only not above suspicion, but may actually be reeking with sewage matters. Then, supposing the ice is pure to begin with, what are we to expect from its contamination in carts and from the streets, or even from careless storage in cellars? I do not wish to pose as an alarmist, but one must have one's say at times if there is anything at all in the idea of disease-prevention which Mr. Havelock Ellis, in his recently published book, "The Nationalisation of Health," so aptly illustrates. I, therefore, counsel my readers to beware of ordinary ice as used in our houses. Better far go to the expense of making one's own ice at home than run the risks, which are certainly not few or far between, of those who depend on common sources of supply. We wonder where this case or that of typhoid comes from. My wonder is of an opposite character—namely, how we ever escape it at all, having regard to the many opportunities we give to the microbe for entering the human domain as an uninvited and unwelcome guest.

I could wish that everybody may read Mr. Ellis's volume, for, in addition to being written in an attractive style, it places before us, as rational beings, the clear outlines of our duty in the matter of making our physical well-being not a thing of shreds and patches, but a universal and national aspiration. Mr. Ellis sarcastically, but truly, tells us that, while we have developed greatly in directions commercial, political, and even psychological, we do not know where the main sewers are in our city, and we pollute the sources of our water-supply. His argument that we cannot build up a great civilisation on the bodies of men and women who live under conditions the reverse of sanitary is, of course, unanswerable. The pity of it all is that while the argument is so powerful, so few of us attend to it. But there are signs on the horizon of better things. If only we could get the people to see that it is knowledge of this kind which really pays, in the sense of giving us longer and happier lives, there would be little difficulty, I am convinced, in "nationalising" health at once.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2535 received from O H B (Barkly East); of Nos. 2536 and 2537 from P V (Trinidad) and O H B; of No. 2538 from P V and F A Holloway (Grand Rapids, Mich.); of No. 2539 from P V; of No. 2540 from F A Holloway and James Clark (Chester); of No. 2541 from H Tamisier (Heppen), James Clark, and Henry Buttignoni (Trieste); of No. 2542 from J G Grant, E Morris (Waterford), J Marshall, H Tamisier, and M Salem (Trieste); of No. 2543 from Hereward, H V W, H R, H P Hambling (Reading), Henry Buttignoni, T S (South Yardley), P P Leyden, Joseph Willcock (Chester), J Marshall, J D Tucker (Leeds), Joseph T Pullen (Launceston), Fitz-Warain (Exeter), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), E G Boys, John G Grant, Frank Brewer, A E McC (Kingston), and J Barker (Windsor).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2544 received from T G (Ware), Alpha, H S Brandreth, F J Knight, H B Hurford, W R Raillem, J Barker, Dawn, G Witherspoon, Joseph Willcock, Ignoramus, R Worters (Canterbury), A T Froggatt (Kilkenny), Martin F, W P Hind, T Roberts, A Newman, R H Brooks, W Wright, C E Perugini, Victorino Aoz y del Frago, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), Sorrento (Dawlish), J F Moon, G Joicey, D F St, William Guy, jun. (Johnstone), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), J Coad, Fr Fernando (Glasgow), J D Tucker (Leeds), J B S Barratt, Bluet, S H Middleton, Shadforth, T F Byan, Julia Short (Exeter), E E H, L Desanges, E G Boys, W David (Cardiff), Edward Bygott (Sandbach), and T P Ellis (Snaresbrook).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF OUR CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR PROBLEMS received from T Roberts, F Byan, Hereward, J A B, P T Ellis, H Tamisier, George Smith (Wolverhampton), and F Smart.

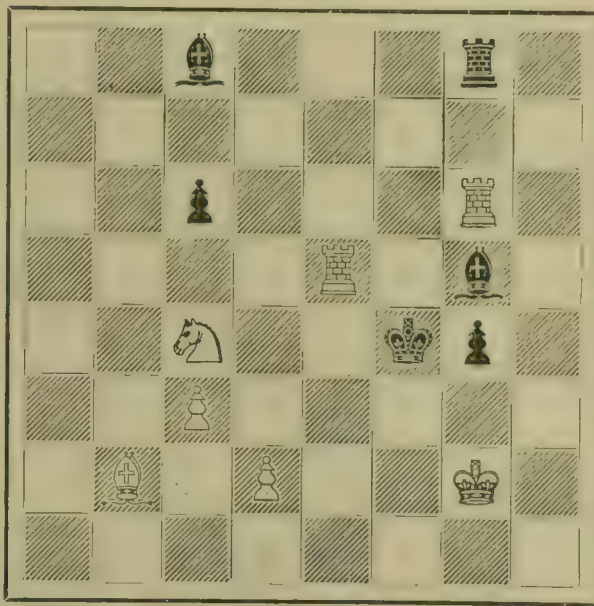
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2543.—By CARSLAKE W. WOOD.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. R to Kt sq. Any move  
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2546.

By J. W. ABBOTT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN NEW YORK.

Game played between Messrs E. LASKER and J. W. SHOWALTER.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	21. Kt to K 2nd	P to Q 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	22. P to K 5th	Q to R 4th
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	23. B to B 3rd	B to Kt 5th
4. Castles	P to Q 3rd	The Bishop was necessary for defence. Clearly to capture the Q R P loses the Queen.	
5. P to Q 4th	B to Q 2nd	24. B takes B	Q takes B
6. Kt to B 3rd	B to K 2nd	25. P to B 3rd	Q to Kt 3rd (ch)
7. B takes Kt	B takes B	26. K to R 2nd	Kt to B 4th
8. Q to K 2nd	P takes P	27. Kt to Kt 3rd	R to Q 2nd
9. Kt takes P	B to Q 2nd	28. Kt to R 5th	
10. P to Q Kt 3rd	Castles	Evidently contemplating the splendid winning sacrifice which follows. Black should, perhaps, have played Kt to K 5th last move.	
11. B to Kt 2nd	R to K sq	29. R to K Kt 2nd	Kt to K 5th
12. Q R to Q sq	B to K B sq	30. Kt to B 6th	K to R sq
13. Q to Q 3rd	K to R sq	Such a fine combination against so great a player stamps this game as far out of the ordinary run. This will be the more evident as the game is fully examined.	
Waiting moves are quite a feature in Mr. Lasker's play, especially when nothing very attractive induces him to take the initiative. This appears to be a lost move, as he returns later to Kt sq.		31. Kt P takes P	P takes Kt
14. P to B 4th	P to B 3rd	32. R to Kt 7th	Resigns
15. Kt to B 3rd	Q to Kt 5th	White threatens R takes R P (ch), followed by Q to R 5th (ch), and there is no reasonable defence.	
16. R to Q 2nd	B to K 2nd		
17. P to K R 3rd	B takes Kt		
18. Q takes B	Q R to Q sq		
19. P to K Kt 4th	K to Kt sq		
20. P to Kt 5th	Kt to Q 2nd		

## CHESS BY TELEPHONE.

Game played in recent match between the LIVERPOOL and BRITISH CHESS CLUBS.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Liverpool)	BLACK (B.C.C.)	WHITE (Liverpool)	BLACK (B.C.C.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	19. K R to K sq	B takes P
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	20. B takes Q P	Q to K 2nd
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	21. Q to Kt 3rd	B to R 3rd
4. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd	22. Q to Q B 3rd	
5. P to B 3rd	P to Kt 3rd	From this point this interesting game goes in White's favour. Now the exchange is threatened by B to Q 5th, also B to B 6th.	
6. Q Kt to Q 2nd	B to Kt 2nd	23. B to B 6th	P to Kt 3rd
7. Kt to B sq	Castles	24. Q to Q 2nd	K R to K sq
8. Kt to K 3rd	P to Q 4th	25. Q R to B sq	Q to Q 3rd
9. Q to B 2nd	P to Q 5th	26. Q to Kt 5th	P to B 4th
10. Kt to B 4th	Kt to Q 2nd	27. P to K 4th	R to B 3rd
11. Castles	Kt to Kt 3rd	28. R to K 4th	Q R to K sq
12. B takes Kt	Kt takes Kt	29. R to B 3rd	B to B sq
13. P takes P	Kt to Kt 3rd	30. R to K R 3rd	
14. B to R 4th	P takes B	31. R takes P	
15. Q takes Kt	Kt takes P	The only reply is R takes B, whereupon White quietly retakes with Q; and if K takes R, R to R 4th (ch), winning in a few moves by force. The ending is in the highest style, reflecting much credit upon the winners.	
16. B to B 4th	B to Kt 5th		
17. Kt to K 5th	B takes Kt		
Obviously in such a contest every move is carefully considered. So far there is little to call for special notice, but here Black is tempted to make an exchange which breaks down the defence, and ultimately loses. The better move is B to K 3rd.			
18. B takes B	B to K 7th		
Nor does this result in any advantage.			

The British Chess Magazine for January, among other interesting matters, contains a long and ingenious letter from Mr. Mason upon the vexed question of scoring draws in match play. We are unable, however, to see that his method is less open to objection than any of those hitherto proposed. The practical effect of it in a nutshell is that a player winning one game and losing one shall score higher than another drawing two games—a proposition surely open to serious debate.

## TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume One Hundred and One (from July 2 to December 31, 1892) of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, W.C., London.

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

For a study of the effect of costume of the most artistic kind in design and colour, there has never been anything more interesting than "Hypatia," at the Haymarket. In Alexandria, nearly fifteen centuries ago, the Greek type of dress prevailed—the close-clinging, long under-garment, with loose drapery flung with apparent carelessness over the bosom and shoulder. The effect of this is to show the figure as nature makes it, and to reveal how far more beautiful that is than are any of the vagaries of the false art that too often rules costume. These stage-dresses have all been designed by Mr. Alma-Tadema. The men's attire in "Hypatia" is as interesting to see as the women's; for the tunic and belt of the Greek are contrasted with the gorgeousness of the Roman soldier and with the curious barbarous attire of the semi-savage Goths who appear in the market-place of Alexandria clad in the complete skins of beasts, and some of them decorated with the horns of bulls on their heads.

If anything were needed to save us from the threatened terror of the revival of crinoline, the practical illustration on the Haymarket stage of the antipodes of that folly in dress ought to suffice to buttress the female mind against the chance of falling into such a blunder. Here we can see for ourselves what is the effect of the clinging costume that outlines the true form, and can judge by analogy how much the reverse the opposite mode of attire must be. For my part, however, I am not at all concerned at present by the terrors of crinoline from which so many people seem to be suffering. There is all the difference in the world between a stiff lining to the foot of a bell-shaped skirt and the enormous cage that we see depicted in Leech's pictures of the days of thirty to thirty-five years ago. Mr. Labouchere, in his paper, has been indulging in a very far-fetched account of the genesis of the crinoline of our mammas of that period. He spins a yarn of how the Queen began to wear tall boots at Balmoral, and other ladies followed her fashion, and then thought they would like to show off their feet so clad, and began to stick out their petticoats for the purpose of displaying the boots, and so on. The true reason for the introduction of crinoline at that time, however, I have always understood to have been the birth of the heir to the throne of the Third Napoleon. The charming Empress introduced it for her personal wear.

As she wore it the crinoline was still small and pretty enough. It did not reach its full development all at once. As it is the habit of striking fashions to do, it grew bigger and more exaggerated season by season, till the reaction, and with it the decline, came. This is the danger with the bell-skirt of to-day: it is that the foolish people who always exaggerate a fashion will not be content to have only a slight distension of their evening dresses, but will outdo each other in increase of fullness, and will by-and-by get the same outline and the same excess in the walking-dress too. But I venture to feel certain that the old extremes of crinoline can never be repeated. We women of to-day are far more individual in action and judgment than our foremothers, and we work far more widely; we will not and cannot submit to have big hoops forced on us either by idle and stupid individuals of our own sex or by dressmakers.

The enormous crinoline is certainly ugly—that we can see in pictures: it must be unhealthy, allowing the cold air to rush round the limbs, as well as exposing the wearer to dangers in the house from fire and in the streets from passing vehicles; and in every kind of work it must needs be cumbersome and worrying. Art, hygiene, and convenience all, therefore, condemn it; and I feel sure that we are, as a sex, now strong enough to resist our tyrants, the dress-makers, on a matter so clearly worth our individual decision. The dressmakers do undoubtedly desire and intend to bring about the wearing of hoops. One of our great ladies' tailors declares that all his new skirts shall be four yards round, which implies an artificial means of holding them out from the feet, or we could not walk. The motive of the dressmakers is obvious enough. It is to compel new purchases. A woman who has many dresses cannot wear them thoroughly out in the season for which she buys them. If fashion did not alter, the economically minded would make things do from one year to another. The dressmakers are concerned to prevent this, for the good of their trade, and fashion will alter as rapidly as they can force it to do.

Moreover, we ourselves have an innate love of novelty, that aids these commercial designs to be effected upon our attire. "Variety is the very spice of life, that gives it all its savour," as even the virtuous and quiet Cowper declares. Now women especially are dependent on the changes of their attire to give them most of the variety that they enjoy. Men who go forth daily and have a hundred little chances of novelty—casual meetings, sudden excursions, unexpected incidents—must be aware that domestic life is sadly wanting in that element of novelty and in various interests. Home-keeping women get more change and variety out of their clothes than out of anything else, and fashion's vagaries depend largely on the gratification thus supplied to the innate love of change. But behind that wish for novelty, and controlling its exercise, there is now the immense advance in common-sense and individual will of our sex. Though, therefore, we shall probably have full and stiffened skirts back, merely for the sake of change, and because we have for some years had extremely narrow, clinging ones, yet we shall certainly not allow these to develop into the hideous crinoline of yore.

Even the less decorative sex, mind you, is not superior to the charms of novelty in attire, and does not go on everlastingly wearing the same old styles. The parallel to the hoops of women may be found in the ludicrous stuffed breeches or "trunk hose" of James the First's day, which reached so absurd a size that an edict had to be issued forbidding them to exceed forty inches in diameter. Or, again, what sense was there in the deep real lace frills that Charles the First's courtiers wore around the turned-down tops of their tall leather boots? In an earlier century, sumptuary laws were needed at one time to control the length of the points of men's shoes, which were so long as to be worn chained up to their knees, and at another time were almost as wide across as the shoulders. Yet even these were hardly more absurd than the skin-tight breeches and strangling "stocks" of the early years of this century.



## A LITTLE TIFF.

BY ANDREW LANG.

*Americanisms and Briticisms* (Harper's) is the name of a pretty little book, which I owe to the kindness of its author, Mr. Brander Matthews. It contains a number of very pretty quarrels with literary persons in this isle of England, though one may doubt whether the record of such debates is quite worth preserving in a volume. Still, as Mr. Matthews honours me by not unfrequent mention, perhaps he expects a countercheck (not quarrelsome), and it would be a pity to disappoint him.

Mr. Matthews's first essay is a little long; it is about the divergences in words and idiom which distinguish the English language as spoken and written in America and at home. Mr. Matthews says that the language is the Americans', to be used "as they needs must"; for example, to be enriched by "the boss, the heeler, and the tough." John Knox uses "boss"; a "heelers," I presume, is one who "heels" his ball at golf; a "tough" may be a kind of rough. By all means let them use it as they like, only we need not adopt or admire their alterations. Colonel Washington and Braddock appear as early as page 7, by-the-way, but this does not affect our argument. Phrases good and phrases bad will be evolved in the speech of America, England, and Australia; slang will become classical and cease to be slang; words which Molière laughed at the *Précieuses* for using are now good French. When an American author says "he smokes nights," instead of "he smokes at night," when he writes "back of" for "behind," and so on, he is not writing classical English, nor the English which people of taste speak in England, nor in America, one fancies. But there is an end of the matter. It may be that antiquarian research will find "back of" somewhere in old English literature, but it has not been good English since Addison's time, to whose style Mr. Matthews prefers Hawthorne's. A phrase has a perfect right to be an Americanism, however, and there is no harm in calling it an Americanism. Surely the position is not one to be ashamed of! In the same way there are English neologisms which are English neologisms; Briticisms, if you please—what else can we call them? In language we should neither be the last to desert the old nor the first to welcome the new. Probably the English critics who pain Mr. Matthews do so when they resent a linguistic novelty which is specially American. Our best plan is to leave it to its fortunes, and, if we do not love it, to warn the young against hastily adopting it. As to American spelling, all we say is that we do not want it in our English books. When these are printed in America they are apt to come to us in a spelling not our own, and while we are a free country surely we may spell as we please.

Next we reach "American Literary Independence." Well, it is not our fault if Mr. Lowell laughed at his countrymen for calling each other "the American Scott," "the American Dickens," and so forth. Lately one has read of the American Kipling, and, by way of *reductio ad absurdum*, a charming American writer, for whom I am not worthy to hold a candle, has been saluted somewhere as the American me! We do not call anyone the English Longfellow (unless Mr. Swinburne applies the phrase to Tupper) or the English Hawthorne: these are unwise comparisons. It is no fault of ours if the Americans enjoy making them. Mr. Matthews then justly ridicules the English authors who expected to make plenty of money by the American copyright. *O pectora ceca!* the Americans only bought your books when they were cheap, as stolen goods are. You cannot expect to be bought at a price which will pay for the "copy money," as our fathers of the Row called the price granted to the author. Besides, all the works of our living authors and poets, up to 1890 or so, are still in the market, at the old piratical prices. As Mr. Matthews says, our ideals are not American ideals. An English author's ideal is to see his books sell well, and to be well paid for them. In America, if they sell well, he is not paid; and, if he is paid, they do not sell well. Really, after all, Mr. Matthews and I cannot pick a quarrel: about those foolish British novelists who hoped for dollars we are quite at one. Moreover, a novel lately published in this very *Illustrated London News* has been pirated in the fearless old fashion.

Now we come to "Ignorance and Insularity," and my scalp—what there is of it after a long battle with life—decks Mr. Matthews's girdle. He accused our critics of being ignorant and insular. I ventured to reply that we knew far more of French and German literature than most French and German critics know of English. M. Lemaître and M. Zola do not read English at all; M. Paul Bourget says he has forgotten his Greek. The Germans usually neglect our work altogether. We read them for their learning, the French we read for pleasure; perhaps we do not deserve to be read abroad, but we can hardly be

called ignorant and insular, because we know Continental work, while Continental critics do not know ours. Of course, the remark is not of universal application; in physics our authors are read; in mythology, that useful study, France reads us gladly, and Germany is beginning to do so. The truth is that we are not insular enough. We think that a German name is good enough authority for this or that opinion. We should not neglect Germany, but we should have more self-reliance and more industry. Thus I tried to repel the charge of ignorance and insularity. I added that we were not ignorant of the ancient tongues; but, while I spoke of critics, Mr. Matthews had the ordinary run of reviewers of light (and commonly worthless) literature in his mind. How could I suppose that anyone was thinking about such people? They, it seems, are ignorant (especially of matters American) and insular. Well, I am not defending them. One of them said that Mr. Aldrich's "Queen of Sheba" was "like the author's other poems." I never read "The Queen of Sheba," but I have seen two or three passages in Mr. Aldrich's poems which were like passages in Lord Tennyson's. These coincidences are always occurring in all poetry; and I have also seen charming pieces of Mr. Aldrich's which might deserve a place, if they were in Greek, in the "Greek Anthology." No doubt, if the critic said no more of Mr. Aldrich's "Queen of Sheba" than that it was "like

review. Indeed, one marvels why authors read these things. Then Mr. Matthews assails an American critic for quoting more from English than from American authors. It is to be presumed that she (the sinner is a lady) likes them better or finds them more apposite. "There is nothing from Lowell." And why should there be if he was not germane to the matter? "There is no reference to Hawthorne." And must a person always be writing about Hawthorne? There are only nine essays in the lady's work, and "just how it was possible for any clever American woman to write nine essays in criticism, rich in references and quotations, without once referring to Lowell or Hawthorne is to me inexplicable," cries Mr. Matthews. But what has being an American woman to do with the question? Mr. Matthews proposes that the lady's friends should take her to Independence Hall next Fourth of July and show her the bell that proclaimed liberty throughout the land.

*Eh bien!* if a Scotch lady writes even nine essays without mentioning Mr. Carlyle or Mr. Stevenson I scarcely think her countrymen would drag her to the Wallace monument; yet we, too, are a patriotic people. Why, one might write ninety-and-nine essays with nothing about Mr. Carlyle in them, and no Scot would "fash his thoomb." This seems to exhaust the contentious topics, and the conclusion is either that some people are not patriotic and touchy enough, or that other people are too touchy and patriotic in the wrong place. A Briton can hear an American author praised without trying to trump him, as it were, with an English author. But a few Americans are always reviewing the national literary hand, and sometimes, I own, they try to make a trick with a very small and dubious trump. Comparison, endless comparison, is tedious, if not odious. It should be enough to rejoice in such a masterpiece as "The Easy Chair" without mentioning it in the same breath as Addison's *Spectator*.

These remarks, of course, are not directed at the authors and critics of America in general, but are only meant for the consideration of her truly "comparative" critics.

## MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD.

The public reception in London, at Exeter Hall, on Monday, Jan. 9, of Miss Frances E. Willard, founder and president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union in the United States of America, was a notable demonstration. She was introduced here by Lady Henry Somerset, the vice-president and representative in England of that association, which is not American only, but a "World's Women's" Union. Miss Willard, who is a native of the State of Wisconsin and resident at Chicago, the headquarters of her great philanthropic enterprise, was formerly dean of the first women's college established in America, but has been nearly twenty years engaged in the crusade against intoxicating drink. The union formed by her has been joined by over a quarter of a million female members. Its active efforts are chiefly applied to promoting total abstinence from alcohol, and from tobacco also, by means of educational influences, by "getting hold of the minds of the children," and by enlisting the teachers and managers of schools in this cause. But it is closely allied, by sympathy and conviction, with the organised Maine Law or Prohibition party, which numbers 300,000 members, and has some force in American politics. The Women's Union owns a very large building of thirteen storeys in the city of Chicago, part of which, however, is let as offices to other persons; it publishes a special journal, the *Union Signal*, and in all its work and business women only are employed. At the Exeter Hall meeting, convened by Lady Henry Somerset, many English temperance societies, the United Kingdom Alliance, the Church of England Temperance Society, the Orders of Good Templars and Rechabites, as well as the Salvation Army, the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, and several of the Wesleyan Methodist, Baptist, and Congregational religious congregations in London, were represented by deputations. Among the speakers were the Rev. Canon Wilberforce, the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, Mr. R. F. Horton, minister of the Congregational church at Hampstead, Mr. W. T. Stead, Mrs. Ormiston Chant, Mr. Raper, of the United Kingdom Alliance, Mrs. Hicks, Mr. J. E. Woolley, from America, and Miss Soonderbar Powar, from India, wearing her native dress. The speeches of Lady Henry Somerset and Miss Willard were heard with much interest. The presence of the distinguished American lady made a very favourable impression.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland on Jan. 14 opened a new ward of the Children's Hospital in Dublin, provided in memory of his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, who visited that institution shortly before his death a twelve-month ago.



Photo by Hardy, Boston, U.S.A.

MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD AND LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

his other poems," he said too little. He meant that the poem was worth no more than most poems. But who ever maintained that critics were always copious and courteous? Does Mr. Matthews suppose that only American poets are treated in this cavalier way? Do we know, or care, what the small fry of American reviewers say about us? Then it seems that I am ignorant of the best American critics. If so, that is my private fault and misfortune. But really I am not ignorant of Mr. Curtis's "Easy Chair," nor of Colonel Higginson, in whom I delight; nor of Mr. Crane, a brother in Mother Goose, a friendly folklorist; nor of Mr. Henry James, of all people! Mr. Matthews brings up these names against me, and why not Mr. Gildersleeve's, the editor of *Pindar*, and Miss Repplier's, and many others? If I am less familiar than I should be with Mr. Woodberry, Mr. Brownell, and others, that may be because their books do not seem to be very widely distributed in England. I live in pleasant expectation. Did I forget those names on an earlier occasion? On my head be it! *Je me fais humble*, but I seem also to be accused of forgetting Mr. Morley, Mr. Dobson, Mr. William Archer. What tricks does memory play the old! However, anything is better than insular contempt. Some English critic (p. 130) has been inexpressive in a review of a story of Mr. Blank's. Well, we all suffer; but a suffering more unworthy of notice, or plaint, or memory, one cannot imagine. The remarks are "empty," says Mr. Matthews; but one does not expect much matter from a critic of current fiction, especially if he is not much moved in any way by what he has to



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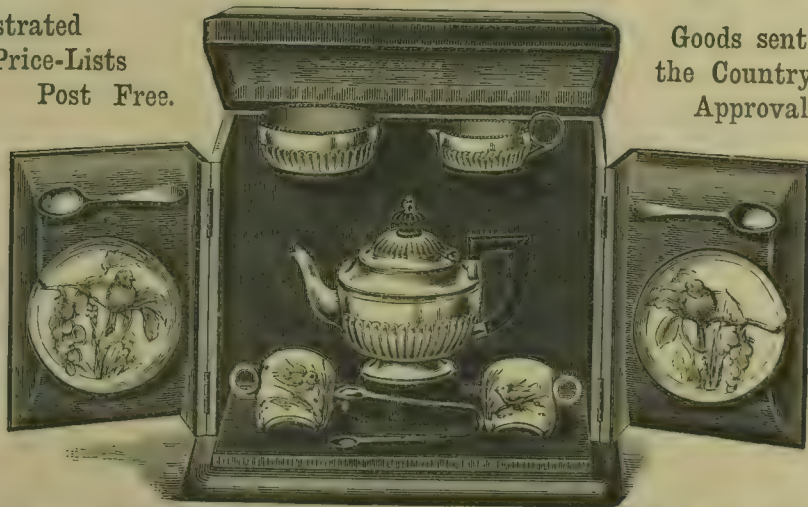
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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

There is no better way of getting at the inner thoughts of the clergy than by reading the correspondence columns of their newspapers. Everyone with any experience of religious journalism—or I might even say of daily journalism—knows that there is no more persistent letter-writer than the average clergyman. They read letters as well as write them: they would not otherwise be allowed so much space. Turning to the *Guardian*, we find that the question of lay baptism is still being agitated, and that there is apparently very wide sympathy with the idea that Dissenters have not been baptised. It may be doubted whether any bishop countenances this view. Dissenting ministers going over to the Church would probably find re-baptism a difficulty in their way.

The poverty of the clergy is a theme more pressing, and it is handled with considerable dignity and reticence. There is, unhappily, no doubt that incomes are steadily diminishing and expenses are steadily increasing. The *Guardian* thinks the bishops must take the matter in hand and appeal to the laity for a vast sum. As the bishops are not easy to move, it is suggested that petitions should be addressed to both Houses of Convocation and also to the House of Laymen in each province.

The curate is with us always, but this time there is—I do not say a new grievance, but something very like it. In a well-written and sensible paper a curate states his case in the ordinary way—the difficulty of becoming a benefited clergyman, the inadequacy of income, and the other points of the chasm. But his suggestion is that the incumbent should be required to furnish the curate with “references as to character and capability.” “Many a parish would thereby be saved the vexation and hindrance involved by constant changes of assistant clergy, and many an assistant clergyman would be saved the fret and anxiety and expense of looking for new work every few years, on finding out in vicars with whom they are yoked traits of character, sympathies, incompatibilities, habits, which go to render happy, effective work impossible.” I do not feel equal to commenting on this.

Another subject is “clerical beards.” One rector argues that the “great artists of Europe do not consider a beard a mark of vulgarity,” and gives good proof of his assertion. “A Septuagenarian Priest,” who is also “an unshaven priest,” says, nevertheless, that he is glad to hear Canon Knox Little reproves those priests “who, wearing a heavy moustache with closely shaven chin and cheeks seem to ‘affect the look of a weak cavalry officer.’ It is a very unseemly foppery. When one of these clerical fops left an omnibus in which I was riding, a poor working man touched me, saying, ‘Pardon, Sir, but do you like to see that?’”

The indefatigable Archdeacon Farrar is preparing a “Companion” to his “Life of Christ.” The Archdeacon is engaged to accompany as cicerone a “reunion excursion party” to Jerusalem.

The feeling at Cambridge about the appointment of Dr. Lumby is that it is the best which could be made in

the circumstances. Mr. Armitage Robinson will in all likelihood succeed to Dr. Lumby's chair. Mr. Robinson inclines to High Church views, though not an extreme man.

The committee appointed at the recent conference at Lambeth Palace to consider the duty of the National Church to the aged poor met on Saturday, Jan. 14, at the Church House, Westminster, the Bishop of London in the chair. There were also present the Bishops of Rochester, Bedford, and Marlborough, the Dean of St. Paul's, Sir Henry Longley, the Archdeacon of Essex, Canon Blackley, Mr. Charles Booth, and Mr. E. de M. Rudolf, secretary.

V.

## ART NOTES.

The “one man” exhibition is likely to suffer from an unsuspected rival, if the art world can produce many couples displaying so much sympathy in their work as Mr. and Mrs. Albert Stevens. This may not be the first time on which a husband and wife have taken the burden of “a show” upon their shoulders, but it is probably the first instance of a picture gallery being fully and satisfactorily furnished by the joint labours of a well-assorted couple. Mr. and Mrs. Stevens have wandered together over many parts of England and the Continent, taking notes with skilful hands of the scenes they have visited in sunshine and storm. Many will, perhaps, think that Mr. Stevens is most successful in catching the atmosphere and effects of his own country, as shown in his pictures of the English lakes in the neighbourhood of Durham. Mrs. Stevens, on the other hand, is at her best when dealing with the flowery meadows of North Italy, before the scythe or the summer storm has laid low the masses of bright blossoms which crop up amid the tall grass. The neighbourhood of Le Prese—that charming little “Bath” which travellers descending from the Bernina suddenly light upon—has furnished Mrs. Stevens with some of her brightest and most successful inspirations, but both she and Mr. Stevens have found on Como and at Pontresina and among the olive-trees of Amalfi some delightful subjects, which pleasantly recall these favoured “beauty spots” of Switzerland and Italy. The exhibition is held at the Dudley Gallery of the Egyptian Hall, where both artists have on various occasions been frequent exhibitors.

Mr. Wallis's collection of English pictures—illustrating the Norwich school and its offshoots—finds a very appropriate home in the “French” Gallery, for to no other artists was the vivification of French landscape-painting more due than to the English painters from Wilson to Constable. Neither of these, it is true, belonged to the Norwich school, properly so called—the school which produced Crone, Cotman, Stark, Vincent, and the like, but it is impossible to look round the walls of this gallery and not recognise the prevalence of one thought and aim, although the means differ in each painter's hand. “The View in Westmorland,” by J. J. Chalon, a picture scarcely less important than the specimen

of his work at the South Kensington Museum; the four specimens of Henry Bright's work, and the one striking work by S. R. Percy, who so nearly succeeded in becoming a great painter, are, perhaps, among the most interesting works in the gallery, because they recall art workers who for most of us are little more than names. Mr. Wallis, however, is not content with the works of the lesser luminaries, for Bonington, Constable, Ibbetson, and W. J. Muller (of whom Constable alone was received into the Royal Academy) worthily represent English art of the beginning of the century; while Horatio McCulloch, for Scotland, and James O'Connor, for Ireland, are worthy to appear in the company with which they are here associated. For those who care to study early English landscape in its best aspect, no better opportunity has been afforded of late years than that now to be found at the French Gallery.

By common consent Mr. John Charlton's picture of the Jubilee procession, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy, was admitted to be a successful treatment of a very difficult subject. The moment chosen by the artist was that when the Queen, preceded by the group of princes and heirs-apparent of all the royal families of Europe, was passing under Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square. The cortege, headed by the Master of the Horse, is just turning round Charing Cross, so that the whole brilliant staff is seen in a sort of semi-circle, or half-moon; of which the Queen in her open carriage forms the farthest point. The picture has now been reproduced (Mendoza), and so successfully that the identity of upwards of threescore distinguished persons is preserved, and as a group of portraits alone it will possess a permanent value. For those who wish to see the original picture prior to its departure for the World's Fair at Chicago, and to compare it with the reproduction, an opportunity is now offered (St. James's Gallery). Although not six years have passed since the Jubilee procession—and she in whose honour it was formed happily survives—it is sad to note how many gaps those five short years have made in the ranks of those who rode so bravely and in such splendid uniforms on that bright day, June 21, 1887.

Our contemporary the *Builder* takes the opportunity of its jubilee to give a graphic idea of the great architectural feats of the past half-century. The sheet in which the most characteristic buildings are grouped is a striking one; but not more striking than the change which has come over monumental and domestic architecture during the same period. When the *Builder* was first started English architecture was at a very low ebb, and, except for the revival of pseudo-Gothicism under Pugin's influence, could boast of very poor results, and those chiefly imitative. It has been the good fortune of our contemporary not only to record the revival of a more purely English art, but to do much to stimulate its growth and to educate the public to appreciate the work of our more modern architects. If the same helping hand is held out to the next generation of architects, those who assist at the centenary of the *Builder* may also live to see English architecture attracting the admiration of the world.

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*From the Painting by  
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Exhibited at the Royal Academy 1892*

*From the Painting by J. H. F. Bacon.*

*Exhibited at the Royal Academy 1892.*

## THE WEDDING MORNING.

What happy recollections the above Picture recalls to those who have helped a Bride with her toilet! Friends ask themselves, Has the Bride a thorough knowledge of all the duties of a household, especially of that ever-recurring worry, Washing Day and Spring Cleaning? Does she know what

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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 1, 1868), with fourteen codicils, of Mario Caroline Le Grand, Baronne De Vaux (formerly Le Pileur de Brévannes), late of 73, Boulevard Haussmann, Paris, who died on March 9, was proved in London on Jan. 3 by Mdlle. Marie Charlotte Marguerite Le Grand De Vaux, the only daughter, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to upwards of £15,000. Among the special bequests to her daughter are "a portion of the true Cross in a small silver cross, without the attesting document, which I never possessed, but which came from the General Superior of the Filles de la Charité, a very safe source," and 40,000 francs for the continuation of the good works with which in her life she had been identified. There are also many pecuniary and specific bequests to members of her family, servants, and others. Subject to these bequests, she gives preferentially and as an extra portion the whole of the disposable part of her estate to her said daughter.

The will (dated April 22, 1890), with a codicil (dated April 25, 1891), of Mr. George Trimmer, late of Farnham, Surrey, who died on Nov. 14, was proved on Jan. 5 by Henry Goujon and Robert George Trimmer and Charles Edwin Trimmer, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £380,000. The testator bequeaths £15,000 to found a cottage hospital, to be called "Trimmer's Cottage Hospital," upon trust, until the settlement of a scheme to pay the income among such of the hospitals of England as his trustees may in their discretion think proper. He appoints his executors and Mr. Henry Potter a committee to frame a scheme for the erection, management, and endowment of the said cottage hospital; and when such scheme has been framed and suitable land for the same given to and vested in the trustees, the income is then to go to the said hospital. He also bequeaths £500 to the Surrey County Hospital, Guildford; £10,000 to his son Horace James, and £15,000, upon trust, for him; such sum as when invested will produce £500 per annum, upon trust, for his son William Septimus, his wife or widow and children, a further £15,000, upon trust, for the benefit of his last-named son, his wife and children; and legacies to his executor, Mr. Goujon, his collector, persons in his employ, men and women servants, and others. The Oak-hanger estate he devises to his son Robert George for life, and then to his children, in equal shares; the Old Park estate to the use of his son Charles Edwin for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively, according to seniority in tail male; and the Twyford estate to his son Horace James for life, then to his widow for life, and then to his children. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his sons Robert George and Charles Edwin as tenants in common.

The will (dated April 7, 1892) of Mr. George Wood, formerly of the 2nd Life Guards, late of 10, The Orchard, Bedford Park, and of Hawnby Manor, Yorkshire, who died on Nov. 17, was proved on Dec. 24 by Mrs. Ellen Wood,

the widow, Andrew George Wood, the son, and Colonel Horace Montagu, the nephew, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £123,000. The testator, in addition to the provision made for her by settlement, gives to his wife the furniture, plate, pictures, and effects at his residence, 10, The Orchard, and, for life, two houses at Bellagio, Lingfield, and three houses at Bedford Park. He bequeaths £5000 each, upon trust, for his daughters Frances Georgina Graham and Alexandrina Flora Bailey, for their respective lives, and then for their children or remoter issue, as they shall appoint; £5000, upon trust, for George Dalrymple Slade, for life, and then for his children; £1000, upon trust, for May Sydney; £3000 to his great-niece, Violet May Cohen; and certain furniture and effects to his daughter Frances Georgina Graham. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son, Andrew George Wood.

The will (dated Aug. 15, 1892), with a codicil (dated Oct. 13 following), of Mr. James Robert Macleay, late of 49, Queen's Gate Gardens, who died on Oct. 28, was proved on Jan. 3 by Colonel Alexander Caldeleigh Macleay and Sinclair Mellor Searight Macleay, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £109,000. The testator bequeaths all his jewellery, plate, household furniture, and effects to his daughter, Amelia Torrens Macleay; and there are handsome legacies to nieces, friends, and others. He directs the residue of his real and personal estate to be divided into thirty-one equal parts, seven of which he gives to his son Alexander Caldeleigh; eight to his son Sinclair Mellor Searight; six to his son Oswald Sullivan; and ten to his said daughter.

The will (dated June 27, 1888) of Mr. Frederick William Foster, late of Glanbenno, Carnarvonshire, and Raydale, Yorkshire, who died on Aug. 28, was proved on Jan. 2 by George Burr and John Rhodes Whitley, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £62,000. The testator bequeaths such four of his horses and such of his carriages and harness as she may select, and all his wines, consumable stores, jewellery, and personal effects to his wife. All his household furniture, plate, pictures, books, and effects, and his estates of Glanbenno and Raydale he leaves to his wife during widowhood; these provisions for her are in addition to those made for her by their marriage settlement, which he confirms. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to all his children, in equal shares.

The will (dated June 13, 1886) of Captain Harry Patrick Andrew (formerly of the 8th Hussars), late of 8, Sloane Gardens, who died on Oct. 6, was proved on Jan. 5 by Mrs. Selina Andrew, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £35,000. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate to his wife for life, and then to be equally divided between his children.

The will (dated July 28, 1881) of Mr. Thomas Hester Ayres, late of 1, Cumberland Gate, Kew, who died on Aug. 21, was proved on Dec. 28 by Mrs. Maria Hester

Ayres, the widow, Tudor Crawshay, and William Hester Ayres, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £33,000. The testator bequeaths £200 and all his household furniture and effects to his wife. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life; then for his daughter, Mrs. Marie Augusta Crawshay, for life; and then as to part of the income, not exceeding one half, for her surviving husband, as she may appoint. Subject to these provisions, the residue is to go to his said daughter's children or other issue, as she may appoint.

The will (dated Aug. 15, 1891) of Mr. Charles Munro Sandham, J.P., late of Rowdell, Pulborough, Sussex, who died on Nov. 21, was proved on Jan. 6 by Mrs. Evelyn Fanny Sandham, the widow, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £31,000. The testator gives all his property to wife.

The will (dated Oct. 23, 1891), with two codicils (dated Oct. 24, 1891, and Jan. 12, 1892), of Mr. Chapman DeLaune Faunce-DeLaune, J.P., late of Sharsted Court, Doddington, Kent, who died on Nov. 10, was proved on Jan. 6 by Alured Faunce-DeLaune, the son, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £29,000. The testator devises Sharsted Court and all his real estate to the use of his eldest son, Alured, in tail male. He bequeaths £2000 each to his sons Edmund and Hubert, and certain securities invested in his wife's name to them in equal shares. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to his son who takes his real estate, but he is to relinquish his share in the trust funds of his (the testator's) marriage settlement and under the will of his father-in-law, Mr. George Stoddart.

The cruelties practised by Moorish Pashas and local governors on the unhappy Jews in Morocco seem nowise abated since Mr. Hall Caine wrote, for our own pages, his romantic story of "The Scapegoat," in which there was no exaggeration of such facts. It is now reported that Hadji Mohamed Benwida, Governor of the Kasbah of the City of Morocco, has inflicted 500 lashes upon one aged Jew and 800 upon another, whom he had imprisoned to extort money from them.

A pretty little handbook, entitled "Artistic London," which should prove very useful and interesting to visitors to the Metropolis, has lately been published by Messrs. Oetzmann and Co., 98, Regent Street. It is edited by Mr. W. Davenport Adams, and the list of artists who illustrate its pages include Messrs. Herbert Railton (whose "Westminster Abbey" is particularly effective), F. G. Kitton, H. W. Brewer, H. B. Downing, W. F. Young, and E. M. Bedford. The literary matter deals in an informing spirit (which would surely have satisfied Rosa Dartle's querying propensity) with the sights and scenes of London. The booklet is so up-to-date that we have the reproduction of a charming etching, entitled "Where Tennyson Sleeps," by Mr. Railton, in the chapter "Cathedrals, Churches, and Chapels."

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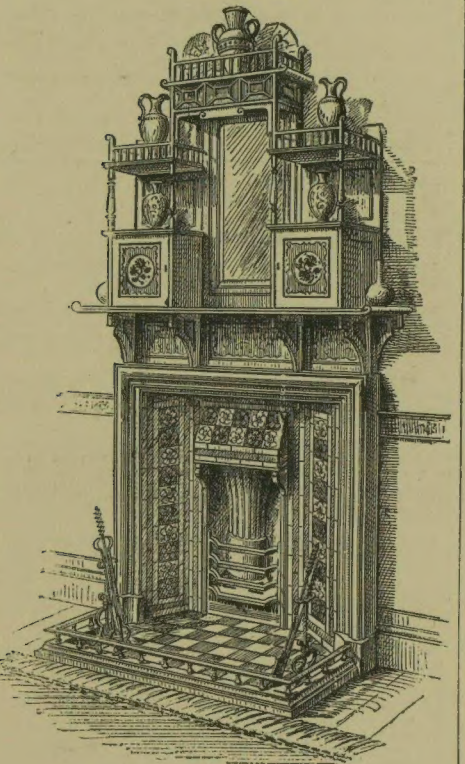
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## MUSIC.

The Philharmonic Society has issued for its forthcoming season the conveniently variable document known as a "preliminary prospectus." In other words, the society's arrangements are still in an imperfect condition, but they have reached a sufficiently advanced stage to afford an idea of what is going to be done, and thus attract additions to the list of subscribers at the earliest possible moment. For instance, in a preliminary prospectus the directors may be permitted to say that they "hope" to secure the services of M. Paderewski, without being actually pledged to offer compensation of any sort in case they fail in their endeavours to engage the distinguished Pole. Enough that they certainly will, for every reason, try to produce him some time before their last concert on June 15. Let us, however, hasten to admit that M. Paderewski is the only artist whose name is marked "doubtful." Among pianists, M. Sapellnikoff, M. Slivinski, Master Otto Hegner, and Mdle. Clotilde Kleeberg are all definitely arranged with; as are Mdle. Wietrowetz and Mr. Willy Hess, the violinists, Herr Julius Klengel, the 'cellist, and Madame Melba, Miss Macintyre, Mr. Norman Salmond, and Mr. Santley—four out of the seven vocalists who will be required for the seven concerts. The list of the works

which the society proposes to perform for the first time does not contain many absolute novelties, but, on the other hand, it reveals a creditable consideration for the claims of English music, as represented by the names of Sir Arthur Sullivan ("Macbeth" overture), Professor Stanford ("Irish" symphony), Dr. A. C. Mackenzie ("Columbia" prelude), Dr. Hubert Parry ("Hypatia" music), Mr. Frederic Cliffe (Leeds symphony), Mr. Edward German ("Henry VIII." music), and Mr. Arthur Somervell ("Helen of Kirkconnell," a Border ballad). The omission of Mr. F. H. Cowen's name has been pointed out, and it is to be hoped that an opportunity may be found for gracefully repairing that omission before the complete prospectus appears. M. Tschaiakowsky will again be an honoured guest of the Philharmonic Society during his visit to this country in May and conduct a symphonic work from his pen at one of the concerts. Dvorák's "Triple Overture," Hans Hüder's "Sommernächte" suite, and an overture to "Demetrius" by Rheinberger complete the category of compositions which will be heard here for the first time under the society's auspices.

The first performance in London of Dr. Hubert Parry's Gloucester oratorio "Job" was successfully given on Jan. 16 by the Highbury Philharmonic Society, which enterprising body fulfilled the same pleasant duty for the English composer's magnificent setting of the "De

Profundis." In spite of extremely inclement weather, a large audience assembled in the Highbury Athenæum and followed with profound attention every bar of the oratorio. The rendering, thanks to Mr. Betjemann's careful training and steady guidance of the intelligent amateurs under his control, left little to be desired. Considering the exceptional difficulty of the music, there were remarkably few slips on the part of either choir or orchestra, and in such exacting numbers as those depicting the raid of the Sabeen horde and the voice of God speaking "out of the whirlwind" a highly praiseworthy degree of smoothness and spirit was exhibited by all concerned. The solos were in reliable hands, and if the "Shepherd's Song" had to be sung by a female soprano (Miss Evangeline Florence), in the absence of the choir boy for whom it was written, fortunately Mr. Plunket Greene was at hand to repeat his masterly impersonation of Job. This accomplished young basso once more gave a superbly dramatic and impressive delivery of the "Lamentation," which forms at once the longest and most masterly solo number in the work, and at its close he was applauded with enthusiasm. The part of the Narrator was interpreted with admirable emphasis by Mr. Ley, but Mr. Albert Cornish was overweighed in the tenor rôle of Satan. At the conclusion of the oratorio Dr. Parry, who had listened with evident approval to the performance, was called to the platform and treated to an ovation.

## DEATH.

On Jan. 8, at Litley Villas, Leyton, Edmund George Lee, aged seventy-seven. Formerly of 194, Hoxton Street, N.

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Monaco is the only sea-bathing town on the Mediterranean coast which offers to its visitors the same amusements as the Establishments on the banks of the Rhine—Theatre, Concerts, Venetian Fêtes, &c.

There is, perhaps, no town in the world that can compare in the beauty of its position with Monte Carlo, or in its special fascinations and attractions—not only by the favoured climate and by the inviting scenery, but also by the facilities of every kind for relief in cases of illness or disease, or for the restoration of health.

As a WINTER RESORT, Monaco occupies the first place among the winter stations on the Mediterranean sea-border, on account of its climate, its numerous attractions, and the elegant pleasures it has to offer to its guests, which make it to-day the rendezvous of the aristocratic world, the spot most frequented by travellers in Europe—in short, Monaco and Monte Carlo enjoy a perpetual spring.

Monte Carlo is only thirty-two hours from London and forty minutes from Nice.

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TRADE MARK

ORA ET LABORA

# MELLIN'S FOOD FOR INFANTS & INVALIDS

M & C

These are a few specimens out of many thousands of Healthy Children  
reared on MELLIN'S FOOD.



## ADDITIONS TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

There will be at least three additions to the House of Lords during the present year, irrespective of new creations and of successions through death. These occur through the coming of age of three young noblemen, who thereupon will be entitled to take their seats in that august body, besides inheriting other responsibilities and obligations of their high positions. The first to attain his majority is the Marquis Camden, on Feb. 9. His father, the third marquis, died in 1872, three months after the birth of his only son; his mother, Lady Clementine Churchill, daughter of the sixth Duke of Marlborough, was re-married four years afterwards to Captain Philip Green, and she died in 1886. The estates, which are considerable, in the counties of Kent, Sussex, and Brecon, have been carefully husbanded by the trustees. Also, in the same month, some ten days later, Earl Beauchamp will come to his own. He is, we believe, an undergraduate at Oxford, and has already given evidence of the same tastes and opinions that characterised his lamented father, a fine gentleman and staunch Churchman, who died last year. He takes much interest, for instance, in the Oxford House settlement in Whitechapel. Lady Beauchamp is his stepmother and a daughter of Lord Mansfield; the first Lady Beauchamp, who died in 1876, was a daughter of the historian Lord Stanhope; the young peer is, therefore, nephew of the present Earl and of the late Secretary of State for War; he

is also a near relation of Lord Rosebery. The third on our list is Earl Granville, eldest son of the late peer, who held office in every Liberal Ministry of his time, and was one of the most popular men of his generation, and justly so. The late Earl was, it will be remembered, twice married; after a childless union of twenty years to the Duchesse D'Alberg (mother of Lord Acton), he married, in 1865, five years after her death, Miss Castalia Campbell, of Islay, a lady who immediately took her place among the leaders of society. Five years afterwards an heir was born, who, now that he is of age, will certainly receive cordial welcome from all who knew and honoured his father, who is not yet forgotten either by friends or foes—if the term may be used of one who never made an enemy. Two members of the Irish nobility will also attain their majority this year—Viscount Mountmorres and Viscount Southwell; but they do not own seats in the House of Lords. Irish peers are, however, eligible for the House of Commons, which is frequently, in their cases particularly, a stepping-stone to the hereditary chamber.

A snow-squall on Saturday night, Jan. 14, did mischief on the coast of Kent and on the opposite coast of the Channel. The London and Brighton Railway Company's steam-boat Brighton, from Newhaven, early on Sunday morning, entering Dieppe harbour, was driven against the

west pier and sank, but all the passengers, crew, and cargo got safely ashore. A schooner from Gravesend, the Sarah Elizabeth, belonging to Chester, was wrecked on the evening of Jan. 14 on the Goodwin Sands; the Ramsgate and Broadstairs life-boats went to help; all the crew were saved. Next morning a Spanish barque, the Vega, was driven ashore near Deal; the crew were rescued by the Walmer rocket apparatus, under the direction of Captain Haggard. At Dartmouth, on the South Devon coast, a German barque, the Thekla, from South America, came in much distressed, having been 130 days on the ocean and short of provisions. A boat with a pilot was sent out by Messrs. Fox, Son, and Co. to relieve this vessel outside the harbour. Unhappily, this boat was capsized by a sudden gust of wind on the high sea, and five men were drowned—one was Mr. George Macey, managing clerk to that firm; the other men were the rowers.

The severity of the winter weather in America, as well as on the Continent of Europe, was a topic of newspaper reports throughout the second week of January. Outside of Sandy Hook, the sea being covered with broken ice, sailing vessels lay distressed, unable to come into New York harbour. The ice had broken the lanterns of the electric-light beacons in Gedney's Channel. Dorchester Bay, on the New England coast, was frozen over. The Ohio River, above Louisville, was frozen, and, whenever it should thaw, a flood would be feared.

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NOTE PARTICULARLY.—This Oil is **NEVER** sold in bulk, and cannot be genuine unless in the Capsuled Bottles bearing Allen and Hanbury's Name and Trade-Mark (a Plough).

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LIQUID MALT, forms a valuable adjunct to Cod-Liver Oil, a powerful aid to the digestion, and very palatable, possessing the nutritive and peptic properties of malt in perfection. It is a valuable aliment in Consumption and Wasting Diseases. In Bottles, at 1s. 9d. each.

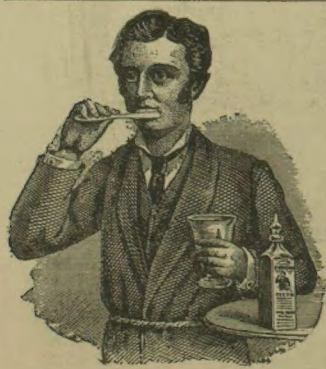
## PERSONAL LOVELINESS

is greatly enhanced by a fine set of teeth. On the other hand, nothing so detracts from the effect of pleasing features as yellow or decayed teeth. Don't lose sight of this fact, and remember to cleanse your teeth every morning with that supremely delightful and effectual dentifrice

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which imparts whiteness to them, without the least injury to the enamel. The gums are made healthy by its use, and that mortifying defect, a repulsive breath, is completely remedied by it. Sozodont is in high favour with the fair sex, because it lends an added charm to their pretty mouths.



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